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THE  
ROTARIAN

JULY ~ 1928

The Glory of Rotary

By P. W. Horn

Sceptre or Chains?

By Louis L. Mann

Trader Horn and the Sixth Object

By Herschel V. Colbert

Why I Go Abroad

By Strickland Gillilan

Beaten Paths

By Ellis Parker Butler

"For a' That, and a' That"

By Min-Ch'ien T. Z. Tyau

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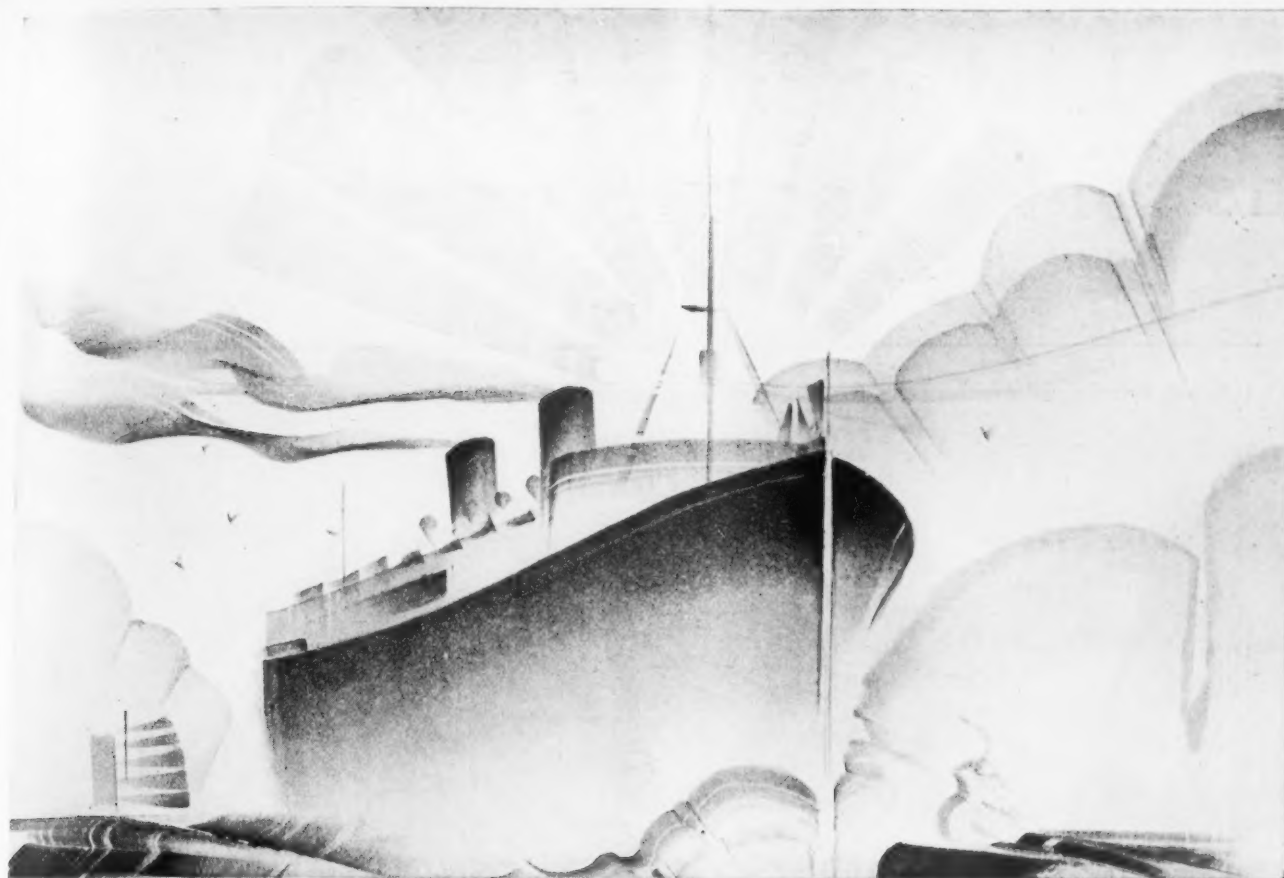
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joyed for two weeks under congenial circumstances—will greatly add to your understanding of the people to whose country you are going. On ships of the NYK line you will find pleasant and interesting fellow passengers. You will take keen enjoyment in the unsurpassed NYK table and cabin service, so smartly American in

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and return including 2nd Pacific Rotary Conference October 1 to 3 and Imperial Coronation Ceremonies November 6 to 10. Rotarians, take advantage of this truly wonderful combination tour. To Japan for the Conference, thence to Hong Kong, Shanghai, Peking, Manchuria, and Korea, and back again in Japan for the magnificent festivities preceding the formal Enthronement of His Imperial Japanese Majesty Emperor Hirohito in Kyoto November 10.

Tour sails from San Francisco on Taiyo Maru September 12 and returns to San Francisco December 7. Price includes first class accommodations on steamers and in hotels, motors and rickshas for sightseeing and ordinary travel expenses. Inclusive cost of complete tour only \$1995.00. For further information write any NYK office about Tour R.O.



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#### Of special interest to Rotarians

Under special instructions from Tokyo office, James King Steele, F. R. C. S., editor of JAPAN Overseas Travel Magazine will accompany Rotarians on the Taiyo Maru September 12th. He is an authority on Japanese matters and will give illustrated lectures and moving pictures of Japanese scenes on the voyage.



# Laid up in the Hospital he sold \$200,000 worth of Silk



## An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than \$200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 to 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold, \$1280 worth of tires; charges, \$6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

You will be surprised how little the calls now cost. New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, \$8.75. Dallas to Chicago, \$3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . Number, please?





## Just Among Ourselves

EVERY mail brings one or more letters with suggestions as to how to conduct the magazine. Contrary to popular opinion, most editors are grateful for the expressed viewpoints of readers, especially when those viewpoints represent frank and honest opinion. Speaking for ourselves, every letter from a reader is sincerely appreciated for not only is it a courtesy for the reader to take the time to write a letter—that in itself we consider important—but it helps us to visualize more accurately the needs and desires of the great audience of this magazine representative as it is of 135,000 Rotarians in forty-four countries. So if you have the impulse to write us of your magazine likes or dislikes, obey it now, as the ad writers would say. Whether your comments are favorable or unfavorable, you will have company, for we receive both kinds. One mail recently brought this enthusiastic comment from a reader in Everett, Washington: "I consider THE ROTARIAN the most complete magazine of its kind in the world and have no criticism to offer." And in the same mail came this faint praise from a reader in Grand Rapids, Michigan: "The magazine is fair reading, but only one of many we don't have time for." Both letters were the kind that stimulate to greater effort—so, drop in on us, either by letter or in person.

The new location (see page 19) will make it easier for Rotarians to visit the offices in which they are all shareholders. We hope that readers will call on us there whenever they find it convenient.



Strickland Gillilan—  
who explains why he goes  
abroad

### Who's Who—Among Our Contributors

Anton Schutz, M.E., former assistant and pupil of the late Joseph Pennell, did the two London etchings used as the frontispiece this month. These, the first of a series of etchings which we plan to use, are particularly interesting because of the article by Dr. Tyau in this number. The artist began to study at the Technical University of Munich when he was sixteen, taking his

VOLUME 33

NUMBER 1

# THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by Rotary International

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# Have You a Camera?

## \$200 For Vacation Photographs!

"THE ROTARIAN" offers one \$100, one \$50, and two \$25 prizes for the best vacation photographs submitted by its readers in this contest

WITH the approach of the vacation season "The Rotarian" announces its first contest for those who keep pictorial records of their holidays. Whether you seek some distant resort or spend your recreation time getting better acquainted with the old home town; whether you like boating, automobiling, train or aeroplane; whether you go to the land of the Sphinx or that of the midnight sun; whether you are away for a day or a year—you can take pictures. But we want pictures taken *this year*.

Whatever seems most worthy of your album—whatever shows a landscape, a building, or a bit of life at the best—interests us. Photographs taken by contestants living in the United States, or Canada should be submitted to us between June 15 and August 15. *Contestants living in other countries will be allowed until September 1st to get in their entries.*

Those who make the convention trip to Minneapolis a part of their vacation may submit photographs taken during convention week—this is an added opportunity that many will appreciate. Send in as many photographs as you wish—but if you want them returned *enclose sufficient postage*. We cannot assume responsibility for damage or loss of photographs in transit.

Three judges — prominently known photographers — will select the prize-winning photographs.

*The prize-winning photographs will appear in the October and November issues*

If you think that the first prize of \$100, the second prize of \$50, or one of the two third prizes of \$25, which you can win this year, will either help finance the vacation you have had — or give you an even better one next year — send your entry to—

Contest Editor,

# The ROTARIAN

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois

These Rotarians will serve as Judges of the Contest:



PIRIE MacDONALD  
New York City



GEORGE W. HARRIS  
Washington

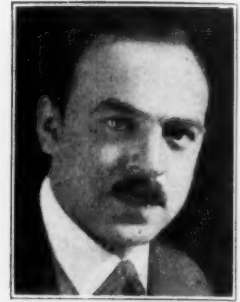


WILLIAM A. GRABER  
Chicago

degree after the war. His three years in the United States have brought wide recognition.

P. W. Horn is president of the Texas Technological College at Lubbock. His article is an adaptation of an address delivered at the conference of Rotarians of the Forty-first District.

Louis L. Mann, Ph.D., lecturer in the department of Oriental Languages and Literatures at the University of Chicago, and Rabbi of the Sinai Congregation of Chicago, has already been introduced to our readers. This month



Louis L. Mann—who wrote  
"Sceptre or Chains?"

we present the third of his series of articles on the subject of the happy and useful life.

Strickland Gillilan, American humorist, is also a frequent Rotary contributor to these pages.

Herschel M. Colbert is editor and publisher of the Sweetwater, Texas, *Reporter*, and was formerly connected with Illinois and Missouri newspapers. He served throughout the war as a captain of infantry, and is now a major in the reserve corps. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Sweetwater.

Arthur Melville is a member of the editorial staff again after an absence of some months.

William Moffatt, F.Z.S., of Leeds, England, is a former director of R. I. B. I.

Webster Peterson is a journalist of Wichita, Kansas, son of Elmer Peterson who was formerly a Rotarian of that city, now editor of "Better Homes and Gardens."

Charles Henry Mackintosh is a business and advertising counsellor of Chicago and a former Rotarian.

Min-Ch'ien T. Z. Tyau, LL.D., sometime lecturer at Tsing Hau College, Peking, is an honorary member of the Grotius Society of London, author of "China's New Constitution and International Problems" and a member of the Rotary Club of Peking.

Ellis Parker Butler who has been absent from the columns of this magazine for several months, tells us in this number of two conflicting philosophies as they were presented to a boy, and how they affected his character.

Francis Dickie is connected with the office of the Canadian High Commissioner at Paris, France.

Orville H. Kneen writes chiefly on scientific subjects and his stories have had wide circulation.

# "Unaccustomed as I am—

"I don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



## ...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

In a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"  
"Oh, nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?"

"Here, read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he has all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion and to the facts contained in this free book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a

natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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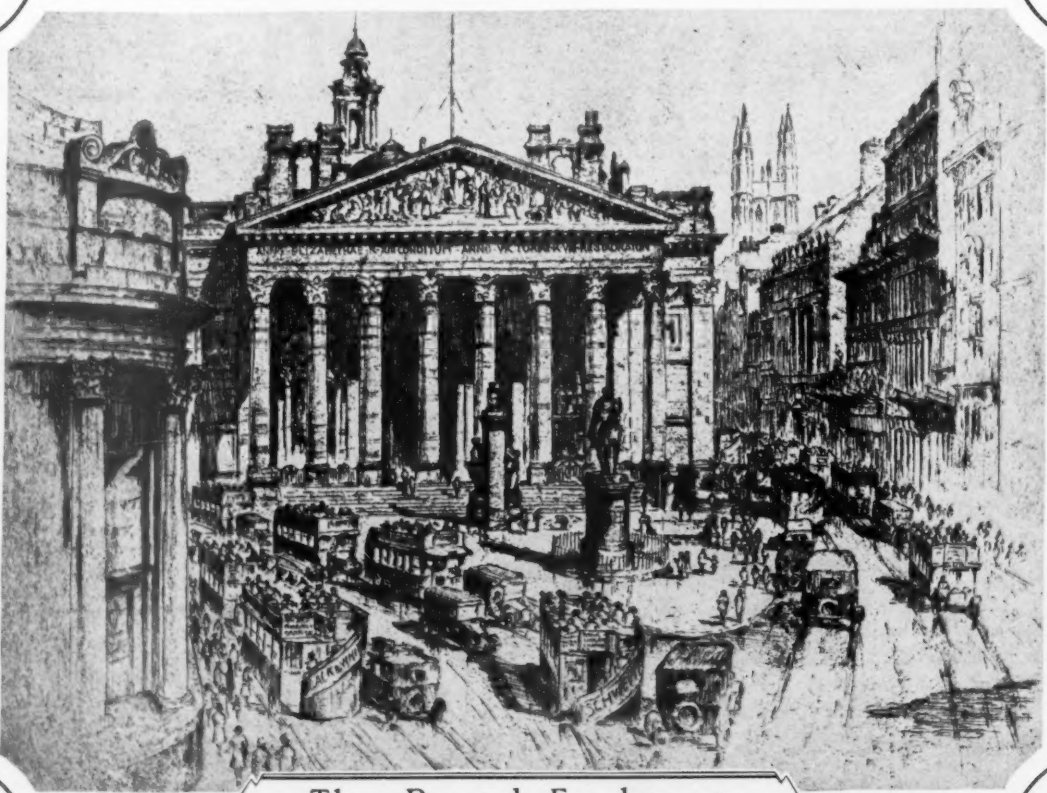
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TWO LONDON ETCHINGS - *By Anton Schutz*

# Is Your Child Healthy?

*By Glenn Frank*

*President of University of Wisconsin*

**W**E are all concerned that our children be healthy—healthy in body and healthy in mind.

It is necessary to have some standards of judgment in mind by which to measure the physical and mental good health or ill health of our children. The Joint Committee on Health Problems in Education of the National Education Association and the American Medical Association, in a report on Health Education, has sought to describe in simple and significant terms a healthy child. From this report I extract these points:

The child with a healthy body is marked by the following facts:

First, he is largely unconscious of his body. He has a general sense of well-being, a feeling of muscular power and pleasure in motion. He is not conscious of the vital organs. In ill health, he becomes conscious of parts of his body which normally might be non-existent as far as acute awareness is concerned.

Second, he has enough vigor so that a reasonable amount of work and play stimulates rather than tires him.

Third, his appetite is steady and wholesome rather than capricious.

Fourth, his weight does not vary widely from the standard weight for his age and height.

Fifth, he sleeps well, and recovers from fatigue during the normal regular hours of sleep.

Sixth, he is able to adapt himself to new conditions of environment, climate, or modes of life without undue physiologic disturbances.

The child with a healthy mind is marked by the following facts:

First, he possesses intelligence adequate to meet the demands of his particular life; he may be healthy-minded without being superior minded.

Second, he is able to concentrate his attention on the matter before him, and to see accurately and alertly the really important elements of the situation he faces.

Third, he is curious to understand the world about him.

Fourth, he is generally self-confident, expecting success and achieving it with fair frequency.

Fifth, he is active in overcoming difficulties, not day-dreaming so much that he fails to meet actual situations.

Sixth, he is predominantly cheerful and courageous; he is not unduly harassed by unnecessary fears or timidities.

Seventh, he does not ordinarily brood or sulk.

Eighth, he has objective interests, finding satisfying self-expression through friends, hobbies, games, and so on.

Ninth, he is companionable, mingling easily with other children, knowing how to cooperate with them either as leader or follower as occasion may require.

Tenth, his relations with children of the opposite sex are wholesome.

Eleventh, he has a sense of responsibility for the happiness and well-being of his friends, school-mates, and members of his family.

It is interesting and enlightening to check one's child by these standards.

# The Glory of Rotary

—is that it glorifies the average man

By P. W. Horn

President of Texas Technological College

**I**N the early days of the American Republic, there were two great leaders of political thought, namely Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Each was able; each was honest; but each one stood for a definite but different idea. In this respect they differed from any of the leaders of political thought today, concerning whom it is difficult to tell exactly for what they stand or exactly in which direction they are trying to lead.

Thomas Jefferson, for his part, had a distinct degree of confidence in the individual man. He believed in the truth and virtue and integrity and ability of the average citizen. For this reason, he was willing to trust governmental affairs in the hands of the average citizen. He believed that the average man was worth while and consequently he was willing for the average man to pass directly upon affairs of state. He believed in keeping the government just as near as possible to the average man.

Alexander Hamilton, on the other hand, distrusted the masses. He did not believe that the average man is sufficiently intelligent or sufficiently virtuous to pass properly upon affairs of state. Accordingly, Hamilton believed in taking the affairs of government as largely as possible out of the hands of the masses and putting them in the hands of a centralized government to be made up of experts, or as we might say, in the phase of today, of super-men.

John Adams sympathized with Alexander Hamilton's views and stated that society is made up of two classes; of gentlemen, and of simple men. He added that the government should always be in the hands of the well born.

The difference between Jefferson and Hamilton all resolves itself down to the fact that Jefferson believed in the average man and had confidence in him; while Hamilton had but little confidence in the average man, but glorified the exceptional or super-man.

Exactly these two schools of thought are to be found in the world today. You may take politics, education, religion, art; and you will find that some

Someone said that you could prove the inherent decency of the common people by just dropping a dime on the street car floor—and noting how many strangers would help you find it. The value of Rotary, this article declares, is that Rotarians are already convinced without the need of making the experiment.

people believe in the common man while others do not.

Take for instance, the matter of education. There are certain colleges that will tell you frankly that they desire to pick their young people and to educate only the leaders of the next generation. How any sane man can claim to have the ability merely to look at a group of high-school boys today and to tell which of them will be the leaders twenty years from now is a matter to baffle comprehension.

On the other hand, there are colleges that will tell you frankly that their ideal is the education of "all the children of all the people." They have no use for the highly selective theory of education. They believe that the boys and girls who come from the average homes have within them something distinctly worth while and that they have the right to make the most they possibly can of such gifts as they have.

We see this same difference in the world of music. Some musicians lose taste for any piece of music that the public loves. Some singers would consider themselves disgraced if they sang "The Last Rose of Summer," merely because they know the public likes to hear it sung. Jenny Lind, on the other hand, one of the greatest singers of the last century, had perhaps the most wonderful success of her life when she sang "Home, Sweet Home" in Castle Garden. It is a matter of historic record that Daniel Webster in the audience was completely swept off his feet by the power of the singer of this simple song.

And yet there are singers today who consider themselves too great to sing so simple a melody as "Home, Sweet Home."

These same two schools of thought manifest themselves today in the opinions which men have concerning the organization known as Rotary. Many of us have heard so many things said about the Rotary organization that perhaps we have come to the conclusion that all men think well of it. If such is our opinion, we have in the language of the day, "another think coming." There are those men who frankly despise Rotary and who have no hesitation whatsoever

in regard to saying so. The reason for this is that Rotary frankly takes the position which was held by Thomas Jefferson in the world of politics, to the effect that the average man is distinctly worth while. Rotary glorifies the average man. It therefore necessarily follows that those who think contemptuously of the average man would therefore think contemptuously of Rotary.

**T**HERE is a distinct type of literature today that may be described as the literature of belittlement. The leading exponent of it in America is probably Sinclair Lewis. He has written three books that belong frankly to the literature of belittlement. His book "Main Street," if it means anything, means that the people who live in small towns and country villages are exceedingly narrow and amount to very little. In his book, "Babbitt," he proves to his own satisfaction that the average American business man, even though he lives in a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, amounts to about as little as if he lived in a country village. In his book "Elmer Gantry," he undertakes to show us that the average clergyman is about as worthless an individual as is the average business man, and perhaps a little more so.

The *American Mercury* is probably the leading magazine of today in the class of the literature of belittlement. One of its departments is entitled "Americana" and consists of quotations from various papers all over the United States, of such a nature as to show



that these papers are edited largely by morons and for morons. The editor, Mr. H. L. Mencken, writes with a brilliant pen, and uses it chiefly for the purpose of showing what an insignificant group of people most of us are.

If the *American Mercury* were to contain, for instance, a report of the recent conference of Rotary clubs of my district, and if the report were written in the usual style of its editor, it would read somewhat as follows:

"A choice aggregation of boobs and Babbitts assembled recently at Lubbock, Texas, to hold the annual conference of the Forty-First District of Rotary Clubs. It appears upon investigation that Lubbock is one of the moderate-sized tank towns which are to be found in the wide-open spaces of Texas, where men are men and women are governors. In order to lend at least a certain touch of respectability to the assembly, a number of clergymen were present, with a bishop or two thrown in for good measure. In order to lend some semblance of intelligence to the meeting, one of the speakers was the president of a college which had been established a few weeks before in one of the moderate-sized cow-pastures of the vicinity. To the credit of the Babbitts and their ladies, be it said that they did their dead level best to look intelligent and to seem to have some comprehension as to what it was all about. They at least made a desperate effort to absorb at least a moiety of such culture as might be floating about upon the winds which sweep over the Llanos Estacados of Texas. A good time was had by all."

Mencken and Lewis and a considerable group of others frankly despise the Rotarians, because the Rotarians typify to them the plain average people. These men are only willing to trust to the judgment of super-men, and it appears that the super-men are limited to Mencken, Lewis, and the considerable group which they typify. It must be a lonesome feeling to be the only intelligent and virtuous people in an entire nation.

Which of these views concerning people is the right one? Was Jefferson correct in his trust of the average people? Or was Hamilton correct in his distrust of them?

To answer this question, we might do well to refer to the pages of history. If you were to select from all history that one character who has most influenced the life and thinking of the entire world, whom would you select and what manner of man would he be?

I am sure that every one of us, without regard to race or creed, would agree as to who the man is who has most influenced the thought and feeling of the entire world. You would agree upon a certain man who never entered the door of a college, who never owned a foot of real estate, and who probably never owned a hundred

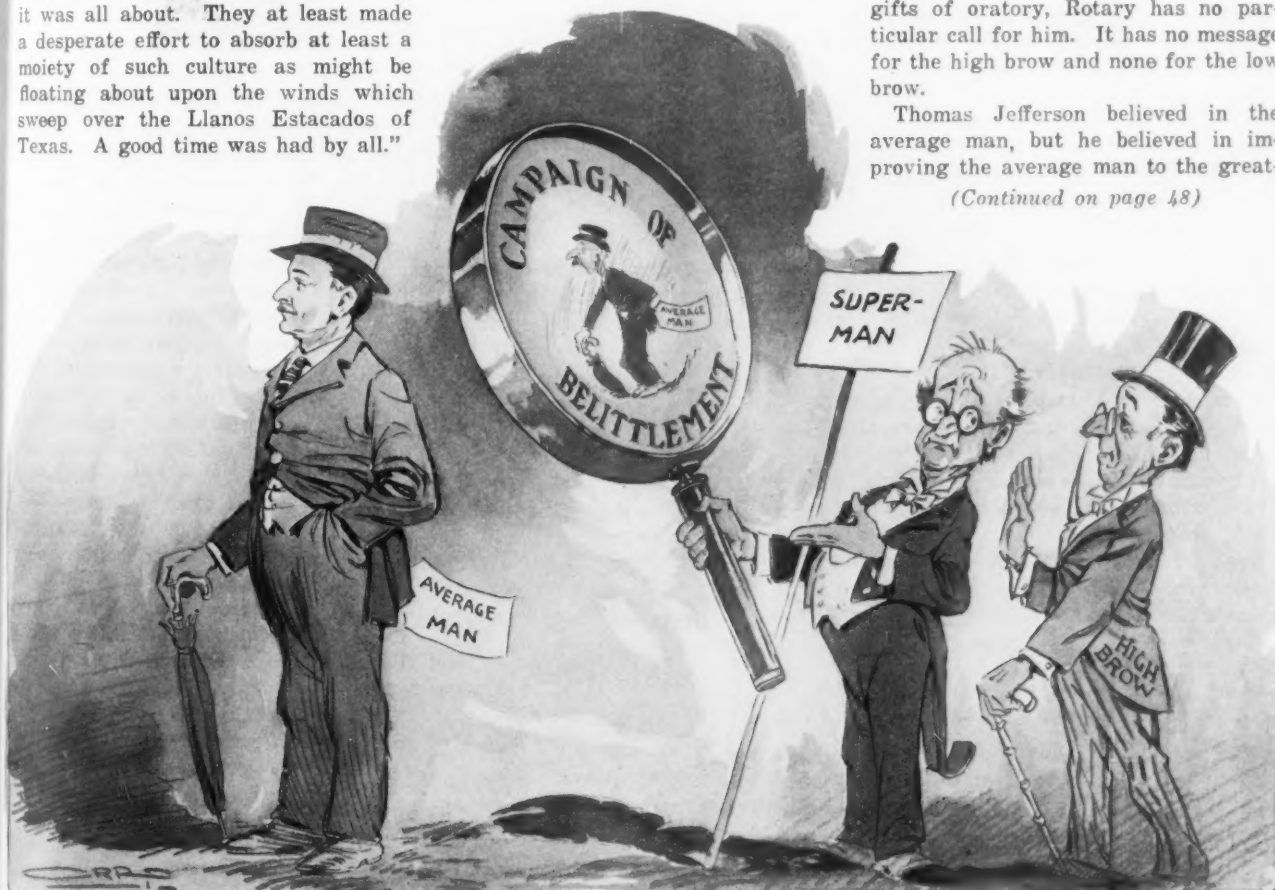
dollars worth of property in his entire life. You would select a man who lived in an obscure country village in a remote corner of the world. You would select a man who toiled as a carpenter in a humble village shop. You would select a simple peasant who walked the hills and valleys of Galilee; and after you selected Him you would doubtless recall that it was said of Him that "The common people heard Him gladly."

The high officials of church and state did not receive Him gladly. In fact, they put Him to death. The super-men of His time, such as they were, had but little use for Him, and the super-men of today, such as they are, still have comparatively little use for Him. Yet the common people of today hear Him gladly just as they did when He was on earth nearly two thousand years ago.

It is the glory of Rotary that it glorifies the average man of today. It believes in His intelligence and his virtue. It believes that he is capable of development and is undertaking to develop himself. It makes no special call for the super-man. Still less does it have any message for the man who merely considers himself a super-man. If there is any man in your community who considers himself to tower far above the rest of his community in wisdom, in virtue, in ability, or in the gifts of oratory, Rotary has no particular call for him. It has no message for the high brow and none for the low brow.

Thomas Jefferson believed in the average man, but he believed in improving the average man to the great-

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Seeing Him Through a Reducing Glass—By Carey Orr

# Sceptre or Chains?

*The fear of living—latest of "phobias"*



Then there is the economic fear that mechanism has created a Frankenstein . . . that sooner or later will crush its maker.

SOME years ago a French novelist, Henry Bordeaux, wrote a novel entitled "The Fear of Living." At first it attracted little attention, but slowly, because of its vivid originality and daring contrasts, it became known. It is now in its eighty-third edition and has been "crowned" by the French Academy. The novel suggests that the great source of modern weakness and inability comes from fear—fear to face realities. There is a distinct tendency in modern life to place ease above achievement, to avoid risks and struggles, to evade hazards and adventure, and to shun responsibilities and hardships. These are mere symptoms of a more inclusive and all-pervading fear. Fear in a hundred and one forms virtually dominates life. It is beyond all question the greatest enemy to health, happiness, and service. Unless we conquer fear, fear will conquer us.

Fear, which is fundamental and instinctive, is a source of preservation, in animal life. When, however, it remains in exaggerated form in human beings, it becomes a source, not of preservation, but of degeneration. The psychology of fear is closely associated with physiology. One fears not only with

**By Louis L. Mann**

*Illustrations by Wilfred Jones*

one's heart and mind, but with one's whole body. It involves the central nervous system; it controls the stomach, affects the digestion, changes the circulation, and influences the respiration. When a person fears, the stomach immediately closes, and the liver, pancreas, and other structures necessary for digestion, as well as the muscles in the walls of the blood vessels and the heart are immediately affected. The liver generates glycogen, and the whole organism is affected through the central nervous system which fear calls into action. Various glands begin to secrete fluids, especially the thyroid and the adrenal glands. Let us isolate but two of the hundred and more phenomena resulting from fear, and examine them in the light of evolution. When an animal feared it was ready to fight, and when an animal fought, it had no time to eat and no need for the functions of the stomach. The substance that the adrenal glands generate during fear is called "adrenin," and is a kind of a drug. It affects an organism in two ways: one, by reducing fatigue and the

other, by causing the blood to coagulate in one minute instead of five. When animals feared—and fought—they could not afford to become fatigued, and if lacerated needed something to prevent them from bleeding to death. Nature supplied this two-fold remedy, through the creative agency of fear. Human-beings when they are subject to intense emotions, like fear, hate, anger, and jealousy, generate poisons without utilizing them as fuel as the animal did in the heat of the combat. Humans do not usually fight after fear or hatred. They ought, therefore, either to chop a cord of wood, or to do a day's washing, to consume the poison which they have thus generated. The mind has a great effect on the body. A hundred people in the grandstand watching a football game, who have no blood sugar before the game, will have after. The players who have blood sugar before the game, because of excitement, will have none after, because it was used up as fuel. People who fear or hate intensely for an hour generate enough poison, as experiments at Harvard have shown, to kill a guinea pig.

Fear makes people physically less fit and less efficient. It causes "inhibitions" which are mental handicaps.

Fear causes fatigue and fatigue causes fear, establishing a vicious circle which undermines the system and lowers resistance. People who borrow trouble through fear, pay interest at the rate of usury. Fear precipitates, rather than prevents, the object of one's fear. Chronic fear is comparable to the burden of assuming a hundred pound pack and carrying it at all times. It is even worse than putting one foot on the accelerator and the other on the brakes at the same time. H. G. Wells was correct in his "Research Magnificent" when he said, "Man cannot attain true nobility unless and until he overcomes fear."

WE hear much these days about "inhibitions." The subject has become popularized through Freudian psychology. It simply means a loss of faith to do that which one otherwise could do. In the olden days, before we learned all these modern terms, one simply said that a man "lost his nerve." Professor James in his book, "The Will to Believe," gives an interesting example. A man climbing from one mountain peak to the other suddenly finds himself pursued by a bear. He comes to a precipice. He makes a rapid calculation and finds that the next step is nine feet and six inches distant. If he says to himself, "I have never jumped more than nine feet, I suppose I am doomed," and then because the animal approaches is forced to jump, he will in all probability meet his death. If, however, he simply would have jumped his best, he would probably have made the distance. Fear is the raw material; inhibition is the finished product. Many a potential artist is a mere dance-hall fiddler because of fear. In like manner, many a man capable of being the president of a large corporation, is a mere clerk behind the counter because he was weighted down with lack of confidence. Of course, we believe with Browning that "All service ranks the same with God," but it is highly unethical for any man to be less than he could have been and therefore should have been.

Among the personal and individual fears, none is more evident and more tragic than *the fear to be oneself*. "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man." How many are faint carbon copies rather than bold originals! How numerous are they who are mere plagiaristic reprints rather than genuine copies! How many are mere reflections rather than lights; echoes rather than voices! How the world needs people who, because they are fear-free, have the moral stamina and are as powerless to suppress the truth as they see it, as is Vesuvius to restrain its living fire. Men and women sell their birthright—their individuality, their personality, their identity—for a mess of pottage, because of the fascination, the contamination, and the vulgarization of the mob. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak with thee," said Ezekiel. Only when a man stands upon his own feet is he worthy to commune with God.

The world today is beset by social fears. Sometime ago, President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin enumerated five or six of them. There

is first of all the *biological fear*, that the human race is slowly but surely deteriorating, that the less fit among the human stock are prolific and that the more worthy fail to reproduce themselves, and that the virility of the human race, mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually is at stake. Of course, this is a veiled argument against birth control, but birth control is a help and not a hindrance to the virility of the human stock. There is, however, a biological fear that is real. Twenty million and more died as a result of the world war. These represented the flower of the manhood of the various countries. The cripples, the weak, the epileptic, and the unfit were rejected and remained behind to become the fathers of the next generation. Professor Nicolai's book, "Biology and War," Professor David Starr Jordan's "War and the Breed" show that sooner or later, unless war is outlawed, biological bankruptcy will follow. General Pershing said almost the same thing: "Unless civilization destroys war, war will destroy civilization."

Since Oswald Spengler wrote his famous book, "The Decline of the West," the *historical fear* has become resuscitated. While Herbert Spencer claimed that progress is spirally upward and inevitable, which gave a basis for optimism, Spengler claims that history moves in cycles and that the life of nations is comparable to that of individuals and goes through various stages, infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, middle age, old age, and death. He furthermore claims that we are now nearing the end of one of these inevitably predetermined, prearranged, preordained, and therefore, unescapable cycles, so that one might hear the death rattle of creative culture and living. "The Decline of the West" has given an impetus to fatalistic thinking the world over. If, however, this were the only social fear, this portion of this article would never have been written.

The *economic fear*, which has risen as a spectre because of the mechanization of mod-  
(Continued on page 49)



"Unless you conquer fear, fear will conquer you."



# SIX OBJECTS OF ROTARY

## In Six Languages

### To encourage and foster:

- 1 The ideal of Service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.
- 2 High ethical standards in business and professions.
- 3 The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business and community life.
- 4 The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- 5 The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- 6 The advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

[ENGLISH]

### Estimular y alentar:

- 1 El ideal de Servir como base de toda empresa digna.
- 2 Elevadas normas de ética en los negocios y profesiones.
- 3 La aplicación del ideal de servir por cada Rotario a su persona, negocio y vida en la localidad.
- 4 El desarrollo de la amistad como una oportunidad para ser útil.
- 5 El reconocimiento de la utilidad de todas las ocupaciones y la dignificación por cada Rotario de su ocupación como una oportunidad para ser útil a la localidad.
- 6 El aumento del conocimiento, buena voluntad y paz internacionales, por medio del compañerismo de los hombres de negocios y profesionistas de todo el mundo, unidos por el ideal de SERVIR.

[SPANISH]

### Le Club a pour but de répandre et de mettre en pratique:

- 1 L'idéal de Servir comme base de toute entreprise honorable.
- 2 Les principes les plus élevés de probité commerciale et de conscience professionnelle.
- 3 L'idéal de servir appliqué à la vie privée, publique et commerciale de chaque Rotarien.
- 4 L'accroissement des relations amicales entre les Membres du Club leur procurant de plus fréquentes occasions de servir.
- 5 La reconnaissance de l'honorabilité de toutes les professions utiles et la démonstration, par chaque Rotarien, que sa profession est susceptible de servir la société.
- 6 La bonne entente, la bonne volonté et l'idée de paix internationale entre les hommes d'affaires et les professionnels du monde entier unis par l'idéal de servir.

[FRENCH]

### Il Rotary si propone di favorire e promuovere l'applicazione dei principi seguenti:

- 1 ogni attività ed ogni iniziativa deve tendere anche a "servire" la società;
- 2 la trattazione degli affari e l'esercizio delle professioni deve pertanto informarsi ai più elevati principi etici;
- 3 la volontà di "servire" la società può e deve guidare ogni rotariano nella sua attività pubblica, privata e professionale;
- 4 l'estendersi delle conoscenze personali tra gli uomini è mezzo efficace per renderli più utili alla società;
- 5 ogni occupazione utile è degna ed acquista un alto valore ideale quando sia considerata come un mezzo per "servire" la società;
- 6 frequenti ed amichevoli incontri tra uomini d'affari e professionisti di diversi paesi, uniti nel proposito di "servire" la società, facilitano una maggiore comprensione dei reciproci interessi materiali e spirituali promuovendo efficacemente una migliore convivenza tra i popoli.

[ITALIAN]

### Rotary stellt sich folgende Aufgaben:

- 1 Das Ideal der Dienstleistung als Grundlage alles verdienstlichen Handelns.
- 2 Eine hohe ethische Auffassung in Geschäfts- und Berufsfragen.
- 3 Die Ausübung des Ideals der Dienstleistung durch jeden Rotarier in seinem persönlichen, geschäftlichen und öffentlichen Leben.
- 4 Die Erweiterung des Bekanntenkreises als eine Gelegenheit zu umfangreichem Wirken.
- 5 Die Anerkennung der Verdienstlichkeit aller nützlichen Arbeit und die Verpflichtung eines jeden Rotariers, seinen Beruf in würdiger Weise auszuüben und ihn als eine Gelegenheit aufzufassen, der menschlichen Gesellschaft zu nützen.
- 6 Die Förderung des gegenseitigen Verständnisses, des Wohlwollens gegen die Mitmenschen und des Weltfriedens durch eine weltumfassende Gemeinschaft von Geschäfts- und Berufsleuten, die durch das Ideal der gegenseitigen Dienstleistung miteinander verbunden sind.

[GERMAN]

### Šest cílů Rotary:

- 1 Pěstovati a šířiti ideál nezištné služby co základ veškerého užitečného podnikání.
- 2 Dbáti na vysokou mravní úroveň v obchodní i odborné činnosti.
- 3 Zachovávat ideál nezištné služby v životě soukromém, obchodním i veřejném jak se na rotaryána sluší.
- 4 Šířiti kruh svých osobních známých a tím i příležitost k nezištné službě.

- 5 Viděti pravou cenu každého užitečného zaměstnání v tom, že dává příležitost k nezištné službě, a co rotaryán své vlastní povolání nezištnou službou zúšlechťiti.
- 6 Pracovati pomocí prakticky činných, po celém světě rozsetých mužů, vázaných přátelstvím a společným ideálem nezištné služby, na vzájemném porozumění, dobré vůli a míru mezi národy.

[CZECH]

# Why I Go Abroad

## Taking the European cure for ridiculitis

By Strickland Gillilan

I AM going across the raging main this summer to get myself guyed, for the good of my immortal soul. I am going far from home to do this so that I may save my face and not remain humiliated when I get back. (Those who look at my face and realize that it represents the savings of a lifetime, weep for me.) If I return from Europe resentful, the trip will have missed the fulfillment of its purpose. For I want to be guyed whenever and wherever and for whatever necessary and still keep sweet.

I have a whale of a lot of faults and mannerisms and habits that are ridiculous and ought to be called to my attention. I know my friends know these things but that they are too careful of my feelings to tell me. When my enemies call my attention to them I discount their criticism because of their enmity and let it go at that. But when total strangers who never saw me before, and have no desire to see me again, show clearly and frankly that their amused or astonished attention is intrigued by some of my fixed habits and habits that need fixing, I sit up and take notice. No sort of use to get sore about it, for the person at whom I should be getting sore won't know it; he cannot even talk my language. I merely wilt and say:

"I've learned something. There is one more fool habit that goes into the discard."

I remember the first abroading I did, with Herself and a daughter. I had a tailor in Baltimore who had always acted friendly and who had no reason, so far as I know, for wanting to get me into hot water. But he actually recommended plus fours of the baggiest sort for me to wear on the ship and in foreign lands. For Me! Innocently I put the things on.

Never in all my life did I know what to wear. An unerring instinct always guided me to pick out, at the clothing emporia, whatever would look worst and most ridiculous on me. I always dressed for comedy effects. This time

I had had noble and efficient help in the person of that tailor. It turned out that while I had been a guy, a poor deluded nincompoop in many and many a garment previously, this rigging deserved a halo. When I step out in plus-fours little children run screaming to their mothers.

On board the George Washington I attracted much attention. I was not inclined to agree with Herself as to why. A man is not supposed to agree with his wife. Everybody knows, from childhood experience with food and medicine, that the things we like don't agree with us and vice versa. This goes for husband and wife. Anyway, I just naturally hated to think I looked as badly as she said I did, in those garments. I got smiles from everybody on the ship. Some of them blushed and quit smiling when they saw I was looking, but I got the smiles, just the same. I was a regular harvesting machine for smiles. I struggled stubbornly against a conviction that was trying its darnedest to dawn in my mind if any. I always hated to look funnier than I know how to be. I wanted to keep my

share of the public laugh under my control; to keep it *with* me instead of *at*.

On and on I went. But it took a London omnibus conductor to do the work. His was the finest applied psychology I have ever encountered. He did, with a look lasting two seconds, what not all the verbal and cachinnatory protests of my family had been able to accomplish. I will never be able to explain it. I can only tell what happened. I was standing on the corner of the Strand and Trafalgar Square waiting for a bus to take me to Wembley. The bus came swinging along with the right number on its top. The conductor was standing on the bottom step, rear. He saw me on the curb. His eyes swept me from feet to head and he tried successfully to keep from laughing. You could see him try and could see him succeed. That was all. But the rest of that day I felt naked. I wanted a barrel; any sort of arrangement that hid me from the waist down.

I never rested until I got a tailor to match the Oxford grey goods and make the right kind of panties. I had been guyed in Scotland by an American tourist, who took one look at me out at Loch Katrine and said frankly to her companion, "Where do you suppose *that* came from?" But that never would have made me yearn for other pants. The bus conductor did it!

I WAS cured of another old-time American custom in London. I had had the bad habit of dipping my fingers into the finger bowl (I never drank from one of those, and doubt very much if any other person ever did) and moistening my lips by the patting process. It was as bad a habit as putting a napkin over the face while picking your teeth and talking awkwardly from ambush in the silly belief that you are fooling your vis à vis by the ostrich-like trick; as silly and as hickish as letting one little finger stand proudly

(Continued on page 53)



By Courtesy of "Life."

Returned Traveler (six weeks' tourist): Garçon, garçon—oh, I've completely forgotten the English for garçon!

# HIGH ADVENTURE

*The Rotary Code of Ethics—Second Section*

By WM. MOFFATT, F. Z. S.

**"To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle of Rotary, that he profits most who serves best."**

**L**IKE all the other ten points in the Rotary Code of Ethics, this one is severely personal and holds in it a stern challenge. Only a man willing to look himself in the face could, with conviction and high purpose, sincerely make this great avowal. It searches the secret chambers of the heart and lays bare the calibre of the soul. To say it, is easy. To say it, and mean it, and live it, is the acid test of a man. Negative goodness can never achieve it or plumb its depths or even understand it. Positive, fighting, active goodness hears in the ring of it a challenge and a tonic. It was most surely conceived by a cheerful trier who was man enough to recognize his imperfections but who, with unconquerable, undaunted soul, was willing to set out upon the road of high adventure in order to "attest his faith." Out of it real men will be hammered into shape and use upon the ringing anvils of life. For it is a study in the art of life.

Consider how it hinges itself upon the great words "Improve" and "Efficiency" and "Service" and "Faith." The order of their sequence is not the least significant thing about them; for these four words, placed in that order, are in themselves the tabloid biography of many great and good men who have enriched the story of our human kind. Improvement leads on to Efficiency, which in turn makes effective Service possible; while all sincere Services to high ends are acts of Faith inasmuch as the Highest is not yet but is of these things that shall be. And so this ethic sketches a chain of Conduct and Idealism in terms of Realism and arrives at a "fundamental principle" which is, at the same time, a treasure at the foot of the rainbow.

Improvement is the pre-requisite condition of progress. All progress arises out of improvement and out of the desire for it. The frank recognition that improvement is not only possible but urgently desirable marks all vividly alive men and movements. To be satisfied!—that way lies death. When a man joins the Rotary fellowship with a desire for his own improvement, in the best sense of the term, we may take it that he has the root of the matter in him. Rather one such humble and willing disciple than ten who join "to improve Rotary."

Increased Efficiency is the characteristic of organic evo-

lution, since evolution is mainly a progression from simplicity to complexity, from narrow capabilities to wider ones. The man who wishes to increase his efficiency keeps step with the marching universe,—for it does march. It advances to some austere end, and as it goes it produces efficiencies, capacities, powers of Truth and Beauty and Goodness. It puts a premium on Brains. Efficiencies are fitnesses.

Environment is a major factor in life and when a man joins a Rotary club seeking improvement and efficiency in order to enlarge his service, he thereby consciously chooses to environ himself by men who have embarked upon a similar quest. The powers of association begin to play upon him and the inward resolution of his heart is reinforced and fostered.

Now what is the fundamental principle in which this attestation of Faith is made? It is "that he profits most who serves best." Superficially considered it does not sound very great or high. The word "profits" in the middle of it sounds utilitarian. Shall we give best service with a shrewd eye to windward on "profits"? No; for that vitiates the whole concept. What, then, is meant by "profits"? If we said "that he has the deepest satisfaction and greatest happiness who serves best" then it would be clear. Very well—that, then, is really what Rotary means by "profits." It means profits or dividends of an ethical, moral, or spiritual nature; it means those profits that become treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt and which need no strong-rooms for safekeeping.

Rotarians as individual business and professional men believe in cleanly made, hard-cash profits, but Rotary *qua* Rotary inspires to the profits of the heart and mind in order that the profits of the pocket may be made in a manner above criticism.

To improve myself; to increase my efficiency; to enlarge my service and to attest my faith in the eternal verity that the deepest satisfaction and greatest happiness will come from the fact, the quality, and the motive of the Service I render, is the attitude of a true and wise man, and such, every Rotarian should be or may become.



*This is the second of a series of brief articles on the Rotary Code of Ethics. The third article will appear in the August Number.*

*The Editors.*





# Trader Horn and the Sixth Object

*Averting the threat of armed conflict*

*By Herschel M. Colbert*

**T**HE Sixth Objective of Rotary is to me at once the most important and most disappointing piece of work in the program of Rotary. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the work of greatest magnitude, the most difficult of accomplishment, the one that will have the most far-reaching effect on people everywhere once it is accomplished. It is, in a sense, the culmination of all other objectives, for it cannot be put into effect in its fulness until the ideals expressed in the other five objectives are firmly imbedded in the minds and lives of individual Rotarians the world over. Let the Sixth Object be put into practice strongly, earnestly, and permanently and the business relations of the peoples of the earth will be readjusted in a way to make it easier for all the ideals of Rotary to be lived up to.

Why, then, is the Sixth Objective the most disappointing?

Because it is the one which, apparently, is most generally misunderstood by the rank and file of Rotarians, at least as far as those in the United States are concerned. Its real purpose and plan of action are not grasped by a great number of them. They read into it any one of the great variety of proposals for world peace, disarmament, and pacifism with which they happen to be impressed at the moment.

Regularly—and irregularly—in one club or another, I have heard Rotarians address their fellows on the Sixth Objective. Almost without exception it has been because they were assigned the subject to conform with suggestions from Rotary International that such talks be made to keep the objectives before the members. They do not talk on it because they are keenly interested in it directly. Theirs is a passive "Oh, yes, it's a wonderful thing" endorsement.

Americans are not, as a rule, internationally minded. They do not understand the conflicts that have existed for so long amongst most peoples of the earth. They are so concerned with today's business and tomorrow's development that they take little time to study the past, and as a result few read history understandingly, if at all. They are not trained to apply the

Is it true, as this author says, that Sixth Object programs are apt to prove a disappointment—especially in the United States? If so, what can Rotarians do to stress the point made by the writer that war always hurts some innocent bystander?

events of history to present conditions. Consequently, they do not see how a commercial advantage obtained by one nation here, a new industrial condition somewhere else, an import duty imposed in some other quarter, an overpopulated space in perhaps a still different part of the earth's surface all dovetail together over a period of years to bring about international ill feeling, greed, and hatred, and perhaps war.

My speakers are pleased to know that the powers took action in proposing a treaty to outlaw the use of gas in warfare. They believe that Rotary's program which is drawing business men together to consider world peace will strengthen public approval of such treaties. They do not seem to know or realize, or at least do not bring out the point, that that treaty has never gone into effect for failure to get the ratification of all the powers. They are glad the naval limitations treaty has scrapped big battleships, not realizing that its effect is to a great extent nullified because it does not touch the light cruisers and destroyers, the most effective fighting craft of the seas today, and that the powers with one hand scrap their obsolete vessels in accordance with the treaty, and with the other construct more and more of the other types of craft, arousing new fears and jealousies among their neighbors.

In brief, my speakers apparently think the Sixth Objective is little more than an endorsement of the "common garden variety" of peace moves that have been tried for ages and which since the late war have been espoused

with much more earnestness and vigor.

To my mind, Rotary's plan of action is based on a very different method of attack. We cannot simply tear down our present war machines, utter a few formal statements against hostilities and expect to create a condition of peace that will maintain a hold on generations to come. We must instill in our minds and the minds of others the fact that war is an economic folly, that it costs more than it gains, that it does not settle differences in a manner to insure good will and permanent peace.

But even then we cannot hope for a guarantee against strife unless we learn to know each other intimately and become real friends, for unless friendship exists the problem of cost is often thrown into the discard. Nations that are unfriendly, like the next-door neighbors who have disliked each other for years, are willing to plunge themselves into bankruptcy if need be for vengeance sake or to win what they regard as their "point."

But let us see what Trader Horn has to say of the question, for that is the real purpose of this article. My arguments are too much after the pattern of the usual arguments in agreement, which, too often, have failed to make an impression.

It is because Trader Horn, that vigorous, quaint, and philosophical old character, who of late has been thrust vividly into the public consciousness and interest, discusses this matter in his peculiarly impressive style that I write this. I believe that he will make an impression where others fail, and so I call your attention to the following passages in his book.

**F**IRST, let us get the background for his remarks. He is making the point that the old-time traders, with their intimate knowledge of and friendship for the natives, did more to keep peace among the wild tribes, advance civilization, and promote the interests of their home governments than did the regular diplomats sitting around the council tables of some European capital.

He has been sent by the manager of his company, Sinclair, on a diplomatic mission to prevent war between two

*(Continued on page 54)*



Here is "Dad" Freston (at the extreme left) with Troops 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the Exploradores Mexicanos. There are more than four hundred Boy Scouts in Tampico now. "Dad" started the organization with a nucleus of seven young followers.

# Service for Country

*Rotarian, at Eighty, is Transforming Mexican Youth*

*By Arthur Melville*

**B**EFORE setting down the usual references to Ponce de Leon which this title seems to call for, let us decide if youth is, or is not, a state of mind? If so, how does one achieve, retain, or otherwise capture this much-discussed golden season of life? Do we get it for ourselves, from association—or neither? Why and how?

And if the foregoing seems a lot of argument, it is a mere fraction of the debate among Rotarians as to what Rotary is intended to do. For there is a Rotary angle to this story. It might be that the tale of "Dad," otherwise Cecil C. Freston of Tampico, Mexico, would offer suggestions to those who claim that Rotary clubs should do nothing as clubs—should simply train and encourage the individual. Or it might be that his work with the Exploradores Mexicanos will suggest that the club as a unit can do some things that its individual members cannot.

Both viewpoints are well represented in Rotary, and as a Rotarian, "Dad" is doubtless acquainted with them. Probably he would dispose of the whole debate by observing that it did not particularly matter *who* did the community service *so long as it got done*. For that, it appears, is his way of looking at things. Incidentally it explains why,

though at an age when he could honorably retire, he spends more than half his time working for his boys and girls.

He does it "in the conviction that in passing on I shall leave behind me, a nuclei of boys and girls trained to be useful, honest, and full of an earnest endeavor to assist others less fortunate than themselves. And so my life will not have been in vain."

This—by the way—is one of the rare instances in which this Scoutmaster has been induced to speak about himself. He does not care for the trumpets and cymbals—he only cares that where there is a public task obviously waiting to be done, someone shall get on with it. But one likes his last phrase—pity more people cannot truthfully say as much.

But to get on with this story. Some five or six years ago it seemed to "Dad" Freston that the Republic was not doing enough for the growing boys. So he made representations to the Department of Public Instruction of the Federal Government. At the time nothing much seemed to materialize—so "Dad" remembered that one way to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Accordingly for several years he became a second daddy to a few unfortunate boys. All of them turned out well, and one in particular seemed to have the

makings of a talented man. This youngster had an average grade of more than 98 per cent in his six years of grammar school. So "Dad" decided to put him through high school. That promising scholar is now a competent civil engineer.

"Dad" had demonstrated that boys would respond to proper care. Now he wished to try out his theory with larger groups. So the first troop of Boy Scouts was formed five years ago. There were seven in this troop—today there are 420 in several troops organized in various sections of the State of Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosi, and Nuevo Leon. Many of these troops were formed with the assistance of the progressive governor of Tamaulipas. All are wholly Mexican, although there is a separate organization for boys of other parentage.

The troops are trained along lines suggested by the Boy Scouts of America, and are also enrolled with the Boy Scout organization in England. They are encouraged to participate in civic functions and are especially required to assist the various committees in charge of Children's Week.

How did "Dad" accomplish all this? Here is perhaps the place to indicate the possibilities of both individual and group action. His own personal endeavors

prepared the fine Scout headquarters with its gymnastic apparatus, etc. The Tampico Rotary club furnished the baseball field. Somehow there developed a baseball, a basketball, and a soccer team. Then there were—and are—the hikes. No mere strolls these, as the Scouts may go forty miles in three days and spend the intervening nights out under the stars. But on his return each boy is required to write an account of the trip, with details of what he saw and what he learned. In addition the older boys must make a map of the territory which was traversed. All of which knowledge is furthered by the various "activity contests" between troops or patrols.

"Dad" took an active part. He openly

regretted that there were not more young men willing to serve as Scoutmasters—but he kept his organization going—and went along. If he had had enough aids, he believes, there could have been several thousand boys from 11 to 16 enlisted as Scouts.

But if the male aids were hard to get, female ones were still more difficult. One must remember that the Mexican girls mature early—and that conventions are strict. However, "Dad" saw no reason why there should not be Girl Scouts—and played his lone hand accordingly. Seventeen months ago he made a beginning with five girls—now there are thirty-four. They range from ten to fourteen years of age, they all swim like fish, and they greatly enjoy archery, tennis, hikes, etc. In a flag contest with the boys, the girls collected all the prizes.

But—the conventions? Oh, yes, the conventions. Well, the conventions still exist—and the girls continue to be women at sixteen. But it may be noted that recently "Dad" took thirty-one of these girls on a hike, miles into the country, practically unchaperoned. Conventions are somewhat like the lions in Pilgrim's Progress—they look worse at a distance. Conventions—of any land—can usually be modified for those who can demonstrate their good intentions in advance. Also it may be that the mothers were favorably impressed by

the fact that daughter was learning to cook, was required to give a detailed account of every hike just as were the boys.

"Dad" has made the Scout uniform something more than a uniform. No boy is admitted to the uniformed ranks until he has shown his worthiness. Perhaps the mothers knew this, too. Women have a way of finding out about such regulations, especially where there are—conventions.

It may be that by the mysterious underground wires that carry so much miscellaneous information, there had travelled another quotation from "Dad." It would go something like this: "Many people have been good enough to express their gratification at the results that have been accomplished. But the best that I hear comes from some care-worn mother, discouraged and weary, who with tears in her eyes, tells how much improved her boy is and how he now tries to help about the house in place of always playing in the street, how he tries to think for mother, and tells her that as a Scout he must do his daily good turn. This is where I get a real thrill."

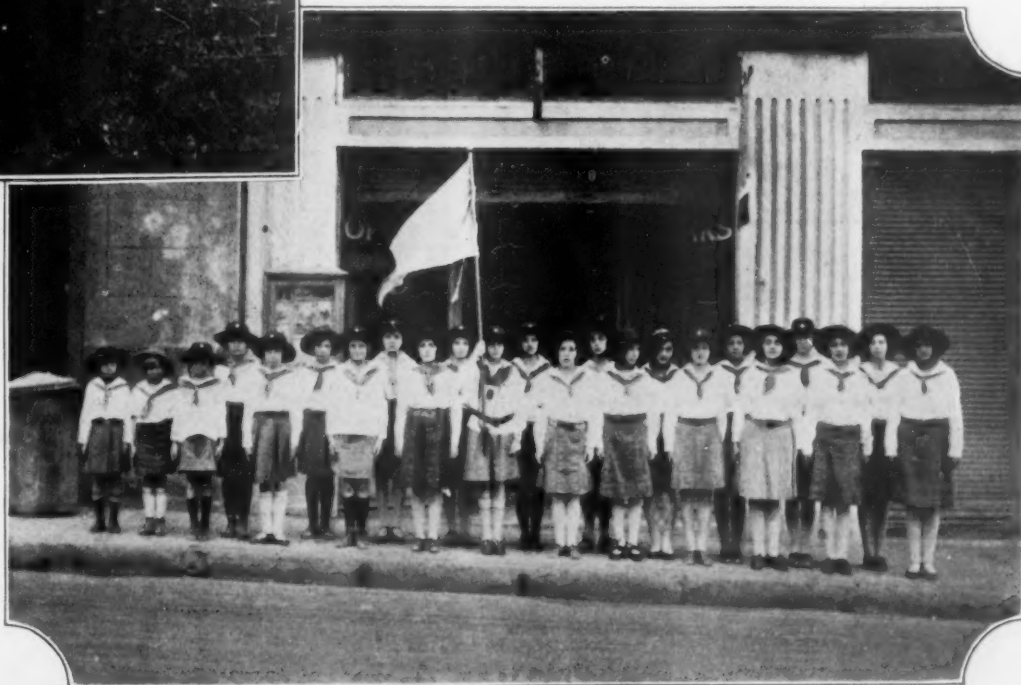
Something like that may have been buzzed around. It could not have started from Dad's end, for he is remarkably quiet about results. Perhaps it started with the mother—perhaps some journalist had tapped the wires. It is obviously not a carefully prepared statement for public consumption. However, it makes rather pleasant reading and is colloquial and sincere enough to carry conviction.

Therein lies, perhaps, the secret of scouting for youth, also the secret of "What is a Rotary club for?" If one  
(Continued on page 48)



Tired, dusty, after hiking with his Girl Scouts, "Dad" Freston could still snap out the Scout's three-fingered salute. The picture was taken in April—about five months from his approaching eightieth birthday.

Here is Troop No. 1 of Tampico's Girl Scouts. Their ages range from nine to fourteen, since the Mexican girl reaches maturity at sixteen. Though strongly individualistic they respond readily to good leadership.





# Rotary Personalities



William Butterworth of Moline, Illinois, has been a director and vice president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States for several years. Recently he was elected president of that organization. He has been an honorary member of the Moline Rotary Club for about five years and is a regular attendant at its luncheons.

Sohtsu C. King is the curator of the department of conchology in the Peking Laboratory, and is known throughout Southern China as an expert in the preparation of natural history exhibits.



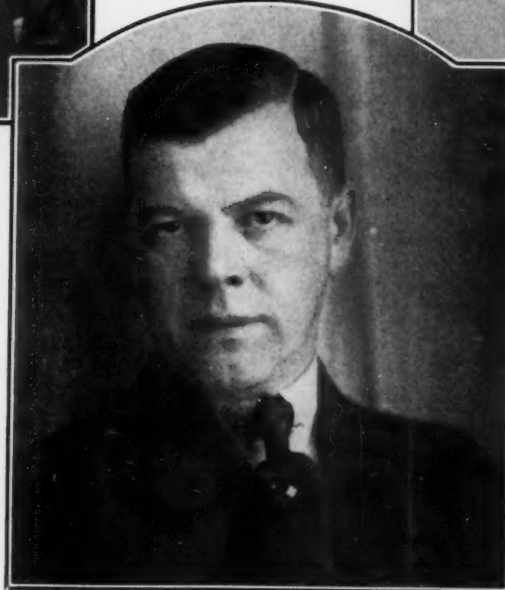
Frederick C. Rodgers possesses a baritone voice well-known to millions of radio fans throughout the United States. He is a member of the broadcasting staff at Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a concert singer of considerable note, and a member of the Rotary club.



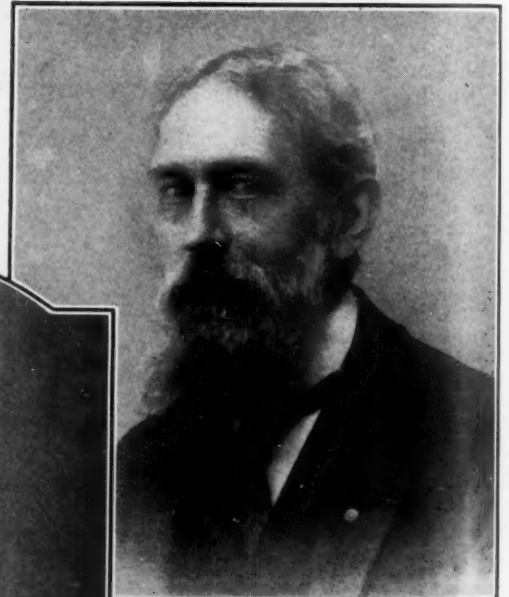
At Left—Dr. Tatsumi Mochida of Takasawa, Japan, is managing director of the Fuji Gassed Spinning Mill Company. Questioned as to the secret of his success he quoted from his own experience in sports, said that application to all athletics brought no results, concentration on one (rowing) made him a champion.



Adolphe Bardach is a charter member of the Carlsbad Rotary Club—a club that entertains an unusual number of Rotary guests who are among those thousands who flock to the famous resort from many points throughout Europe. Rotarian Bardach is the proprietor of one of the largest exporting firms in Czechoslovakia.



Dr. Edouard Willems, governor of the Sixty-first Rotary District (Belgium), relinquished his post as general secretary of the University Foundation when he was elected by the University Foundation and the National Fund for Scientific Research to the position of counsellor to the research committees of both foundations.



# New Rotary Headquarters

*Moving to be completed by July first*

**C**OMING events cast their shadows before—and for those in the present offices of Rotary International they are strange shadows. For the old familiar corners were taking on strange aspects during the early days of June. Partitions which once separated the various departments and offices are gone—or going. Telephone wires festoon themselves in unexpected places. Equipment is being boxed and transferred to trucks. The moving has begun.

While a considerable part of the staff is busy at the convention at Minneapolis the remainder will be equally busy with the transfer of Rotary's offices to the new Chicago Evening Post Building.

Rotary International has leased the eighth and ninth floors of this building, and in that lease is a clause which stipulates that the lease shall run for five years unless Rotary decides to erect its own building, in which case the lease may be cancelled after two years.

This clause was inserted in view of Resolution No. 11 which will be offered to the convention at Minneapolis by the Board of Directors. This resolution if adopted by the convention in its present form, will give the new Board of Directors and its successors, authority to acquire a suitable site and building in Chicago as a permanent home for Rotary International *provided* that the financing of this undertaking shall not necessitate any increase in the per capita tax or require the levying of a special assessment on member clubs. Meanwhile the move is being made to this new 19-story building, with its lobby done in Italian Travertine



New Chicago Evening Post Building at No. 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here will be located the headquarters of Rotary International and the offices of "The Rotarian."

*By Charles St. John*

marble and its huge four-story pillars. The new home of Rotary will be right across the river from the site of the Merchandise Mart—which is to be the biggest business building in the world. It will be within easy reach of the \$6,000,000 Union Station completed a couple of years ago, and other railway centers. It will be near the Daily News Building and the Civic Opera Building, both in process of erection, and close to several of the chief hotels.

Thus the new location will be suited to the sentiment, more and more evident in recent years, that Rotary headquarters should be in a central location. For the past two years there

has been a special Rotary committee studying available sites and buildings and considering the matter of financing in case Rotary should desire a structure of its own. It has been pointed out that the Chicago Rotary club averages over 100 visitors at its weekly meeting, whereas the headquarters of Rotary only averages about three visitors a day—or a small fraction of the number that attend Chicago Rotary. Since the headquarters offices belong to all Rotarians equally, it would seem that more should take advantage of a visit to the central offices. The new location will serve to stimulate interest.

After the convention there will be many Rotarians who will pause for an inspection of the new offices. When they take one of the four high-speed elevators to the eighth floor they will find themselves directly opposite the main entrances

to the reception rooms and offices of Rotary International. To the right will be the main entrance to the new editorial and business offices of THE ROTARIAN. On the floor above they will be shown the filing, accounting, stenographic, and remainder of the headquarters departments. The offices will have walnut trimming and cork or linoleum floor coverings. Special construction provides protection against the vibration from presses. It is planned to save space by using the Directors' room for general staff assemblies.

So the shadows pass rapidly—shadows cast by moving equipment, by towering buildings, all as we hope somehow connected with the shadows of a cogged wheel turning more and more rapidly and efficiently as time passes.

# WITH THE POETS

## Bridges

By Arthur Melville

"**F**LING us a bridge across the stars"  
—An ageless plea of man—

"This rainbow arch, those Arctic bars,  
Copy them plan for plan!"

The stars shine on, the raindrop dries,  
Summers give place to cold,  
And all response to weary cries  
Seems but the echo's scold.

Then by some creek a bridge is braced,  
And neighbors play their part;  
Wisely the heaven builders waste  
Enough for frail man's start.

## Epitaph

By Whitney Montgomery

**U**NDER this stone  
Lies Peter Cress,  
He made God a note  
Of promises,  
As a lot of the rest  
Of us do, I guess.

And he said I will pay  
This I. O. U.,  
A long, long time  
Before 'tis due;  
The principal and  
The interest, too.

God was good,  
And the note went on,  
With Peter leaving  
His soul in pawn,  
Till his three-score-years-  
And-ten were gone.

Then God spoke:  
"Your note's past due!  
You haven't done what  
You said you'd do!"  
And Death collected  
The I. O. U.

## O, Lose Not Hope!

By Ben Field

**O**, LOSE not Hope!  
For in the human breast,  
There breeds no other friend!  
O, lose not Hope!

Though miseries throng your door,  
And sadness makes your day a dirge!  
Within the starry universe Joy reigns—  
Of tranquil countenance, serene—  
As though a smile was but suppress—  
With vestments spangled with  
The dust of roving stars!

O, lose not Hope!  
Within the human breast  
There breeds no other friend!

## The Muckers

By Douglas Malloch

**B**ESIDE the road a crystal spring  
Pours forth forever, cool and sweet,  
And many another lovely thing  
Upon the road of life you meet  
Down yonder there's a dirty pool,  
A slimy spot upon the flat,  
But I am certain only a fool  
Would ever turn and drink from that.

But fools there are. With heights to climb,  
With men to love, and God to praise,  
They turn and dip their pens in slime  
And write their books and write their plays.  
A thousand noble deeds they pass  
To paint the picture of a sin,  
With trees and blossoms, sun and grass,  
Prefer the muck to wallow in.

They make the very truth a lie,  
By making the exception all;  
They find the one cloud in the sky,  
And only walk where shadows fall.  
But I am certain only a fool  
To things unclean would care to cling.  
Why drink from out some slimy pool  
Along life's way, when there's a spring?

## The Prize

By Larry Flint

**I**T ain't that I'm kickin' th' traces;  
Th' Lord knows I'm gittin' my dues—  
But look at th' fellers that's winnin',  
An' look at th' fellers that lose!  
Th' Referee—mebby He's tryin';  
He couldn't be, hardly, t' blame.  
But look at th' kind o' th' men that's behind,  
An' look at who's winnin' th' game!

Now, there was ol' Jones—he was honest;  
He played th' game truthful an' square.  
An' look at him, ragged an' beaten;  
An' look at 'em passin' him there—  
Th' crooked, th' mean an' th' lawless.  
And, oh, but th' worst of it is  
They're gainin' th' goal that he bought with his soul;  
They're winnin' th' prize that is his.

But still, when I look at their faces,  
His shinin' an' smilin' an' bright,  
An' theirs, ev'ry one o' them twisted—  
Well, mebby th' Referee's right.  
Fer, after th' batt'lin' is ended,  
An' when th' rewardin' is made,  
Th' glory that's best isn't beatin' th' rest;  
Th' prize is th' way that you played.



# A Fairy Story Comes True

By Webster Peterson

**T**HE members of the Wichita, Kansas, Rotary Club are practical, matter-of-fact business men, but they know a beautiful fairy story that came true.

Once upon a time there was a little girl thirteen years old whose name was Kathleen. Inside her throat nestled a golden nightingale. But the golden bird was asleep, and did not sing. Then came kind fairy godfathers, who considered the matter weightily and worked a charm, so that the bird flew joyously out, and sang, sang for all the world to hear. Then the kind godfathers gave her further charms, which took her out into the great world, where she taught the nightingale new and beautiful songs; and the golden bird sang so charmingly that those who heard it did not know whether to smile or to cry.

And these Wichita men know the story of how the little girl came home, to be honored like a princess, and gave all her songs to the kind fairy godfathers who made them possible.

These Rotarians themselves are the fairy godfathers who made this tale come true. The girl is Kathleen Kersting, whose first ventures in European opera have won her the acclaim of great critics, for she is said to possess one of the greatest voices of the future. The nightingale which God placed in her throat is her voice, one which a world-known composer called "A glorious, perfect voice—one of the best anywhere." And the climax of the tale, when she came back to sing her best for the kind godfathers who loosed the golden bird, occurred one evening last May.

That evening was one of gay festivity. The Forum, a building seating five thousand, was filled to the outer doors. The gray concrete walls echoed to the excited whispering of a happy

throng. How many good neighbors she had! None of the world-famous artists who had appeared there had ever drawn such a crowd. Besides her thousands of friends, music critics from a distance waited anxiously for the moment when "Wichita's Sweetheart" should appear. The huge stage was so covered with flowers it was difficult to see singer and piano. When she finally appeared, an unprecedented ovation greeted her. It was her hour as a princess. Not even the mercurial French or Italians could have been more responsive to the magic of her event.

Six years ago she was not a princess. She was just a little girl who loved music, and loved to sing. Few



Kathleen Kersting  
At Right—Miss Kersting as  
"Marguerite" in Faust.



Photo:  
Camuzzi  
& Lomazzi,  
Milan.

Photo:  
Sommariva, Milan.

had any thought of what was in store for her. Her doctor had once said that she had a singer's throat. Her parents, who kept a small hotel, were proud of her, with that foolish pride that so often turns out to be wise. She sang for her friends, at church, and, on an amateur night, at a Wichita theater. She worked away at her singing lessons, as many another little girl does.

One night a real musical event was to take place in Wichita. The great soprano, Mme. Emma Calve, was to sing in the Forum. Mme. Calve heard of Kathleen, granted her an audition, and the little thirteen-year-old came and sang for the famous singer.

**M**ME. CALVE was startled by the voice. At once she was all enthusiasm. Imperiously, as befits a great prima donna, she demanded that Kathleen become her private pupil.

She took her away to France, to Madame's chateau at Aveyron, Aguessac. For two

years Kathleen studied, with Calve seeming almost as a mother to her. Once, when homesickness made Kathleen start back for Kansas, Mme. Calve followed her across the ocean to bring her back to the career which awaited her.

In 1924 the two returned to Kansas, and there was a concert to which musical Wichita listened, amazed. Wearing the same costume of "Marguerite"

(Continued on page 62)

# "For a' That, and a' That"

## Glimpses of English life through Chinese eyes

By Min-ch'ien T. Z Tyau

"WHEN I was a boy," said a friend's cook to his young master, "a Mandarin came to our village and asked the parents whether they would allow their boys to proceed to the great 'Mei Kuo' (United States) as students to be educated at the expense of the government. Our parents knew nothing about 'Mei Kuo'; nay, it was rumored that if we went, the wild men over there would skin us alive, graft the skin of dogs onto our bodies and exhibit us as they would some uncommon animals. We were not allowed to go, and thus missed the opportunity of our lives!"

During recent years, when the provincial authorities decided to send students to Japan, Europe, and America to study, the number of candidates who took the examinations and competed for the distinction numbered by the hundreds and thousands, although only a few scores were to be selected. And on one occasion, the students of the government schools in Wuchang (provincial capital of Hupeh) held an indignant meeting because the viceroy of their provinces had selected, among those to be educated in Japan, one who was not a native of their province!

These two pictures illustrate the enormous change that has come over the minds of the Chinese people as regards the question of sending their children abroad. Whereas formerly there were serious misgivings, and even grave apprehensions, as to the expediency of the adventure, there is now an overpowering desire to brave the seas in order to study the civilizations of the West and ascertain the secrets of their strength and prosperity. Accordingly, in addition to those supported by the government, many are sent and financed by their own parents, independent of all official assistance. The United States, England, France, Germany, Belgium, and even Japan—each of these is to-day the Chinese students' mecca; for there is "a yearning like the yearning of a wave that sees the shore stretch beautiful before it."

The words of Burns are as true as when he applied them to the various castes of society. Now that quicker communication is giving all nations better opportunities for closer relations such articles as this have a timely value.

Let us look at another contrast. In 1872, the Chinese Government dispatched its first batch of students to the United States under Dr. Yung Wing. When these returned to China some six or eight years later, they were unceremoniously given the cold shoulder. As one author puts it:

On their return the boys fell victims to official persecution, which was as bitter and unrelenting as it was unjust and tyrannical. They were confined in the native city of Shanghai in some discarded and loathsome quarters . . . and so men who might have become the statesmen, diplomats, educators, generals, admirals, builders of industry, and manufacturers of China, did not have their services and abilities properly appreciated, but were regarded as wayward and silly upstarts, if not dangerous rebels, not only unworthy to be placed in positions of trust and honor, but to be watched and guarded as so many offenders and criminals!

By way of parenthesis, however, it may be mentioned that many of those referred to above have since distinguished themselves in the service of their country: notably the late Sir Chen-tung Ch'eng, K. C. M. G., sometime Chinese minister to the United States, Peru, Spain, and Germany, and one of the members of the Chinese Mission to England, in 1901, to attend the Coronation of King Edward VII, when he was awarded a knighthood; Mr. Tang Shao-yi, the first premier of the Chinese Republic; Mr. Liang Tun-yen, the minister of foreign affairs in the late Manchu dynasty; the late Tong Kai-son, China's able delegate at the International Anti-Opium Conferences at Shanghai, 1909, and The Hague, 1911; and Mr. Jeme Tien-yow, the "Father of Chinese Railways."

To return from our digression. About a year before I sailed for England, a friend of mine was asked by the principal of a school in Shanghai to find

him a foreign-educated Chinese teacher. When a certain name was suggested, the principal asked, "Is he a returned student?"—meaning one educated and returned from abroad. "No, but he is as good as, if not better, than many of the ordinary returned students." "Well, that may be true," was the rejoinder, "but very sorry we cannot accept him, because we want a returned student."

Thus within the period of one generation, the returned student had acquired an enviable premium.

In the eyes of the hero-worshipping public he was a demi-god, and his supremacy there was none to dispute. He was infallible and omniscient, and so *Ch'u yang* (going abroad) became the "rage." Yet today, after the lapse of less than a decade, the glamour of it all has disappeared, and returned students are the order of the day.

OF all the Anglo-Saxon institutions that which is most universally admired is undoubtedly English democracy. The cradle of modern political liberties, it is only natural that the doctrines of liberalism and democracy should have their fullest development in the land which by giving to the world its Magna Charta and Parliament, etc., has long ago earned the undying gratitude of all right-minded humanity. The forms of democracy are many, and in the supremacy of the rule of law we have already seen one signal manifestation. There are two others; the absence of class distinctions and the assurance of political and personal freedom.

Generally speaking, we may say that the English as a nation are divided into nobles and commoners, officials and non-officials, employers and employees, rich and poor, capitalists and laborers, etc., but these distinctions are more nominal than real, although in the case of the economic classes, the line of demarcation is more marked than otherwise. The reason for this is primarily due to the supremacy of the rule of law, which rates every individual on exactly the same legal footing, without any partiality or favoritism. On the other hand, it seems that the members of the various classes themselves have done not a little to obliterate whatever differences may still exist between them.

Note—Acknowledgment is made to the Swarthmore Press, Ltd., for the courtesy of permitting the publication of these selections from the volume "London Through Chinese Eyes" by Dr. Tyau.—EDITORS.

In many countries it is customary for the different classes not to mix or intermingle with one another. This is especially true of India, although hardly so in the case of China. In the former the castes are rigid and permanent. They are like so many vertical compartments which effectually exclude the members of one from intermixing with those of the other. In the latter, however, the class distinction is purely nominal; the divisions are horizontal compartments. A man may be born a scholar, a farmer, an artisan, or a merchant—the four classes in China—but there is nothing to keep him permanently in one or the other. If he is able and honest, he can rise from the lowest to the highest rung of the social ladder, for merit, not birth, is the royal road to success.

In its practical workings, the English system is similar to that of the Chinese. Whereas at the time of feudalism the different classes of society were kept strictly apart, this is not so today. But when a foreign student reads English history and gleans his knowledge of English life and manners from textbooks, he is often misled. In his mind the England of today is still the England of the Middle Ages, with its system of feudalism, knight-errantry, and baronial landholdings. The present lords are the same barons of the old manors, and as before, so also now, they live an entirely separate life from the freemen or commoners.

That was the sort of notion which I had when I landed in England, but I was, of course, soon awakened from my dreams. I awoke to see that the lords and ladies were just as human as the other commoners, and there was hardly any of that semi-royal atmosphere about them which one had so fondly imagined. Instead of always riding in imposing liveried carriages, gorgeously robed and numerously attended, they would either walk, or ride in a bus, train, or even the underground "tube," just as naturally as any other mortal beings. . . .

Furthermore, it is popularly supposed that being always secluded in

their castles and manors, the peers when speaking with the common people will preserve their lordly bearing and speak nothing but words of wisdom very much like the average European's visualization of a Chinese gentleman. As a matter of fact, however, the nobility is never so exclusive. It may be their lot to be born or created a peer, but at heart they are just as plain and simple as the ordinary people. More and more they are identifying themselves with the ways and activities of a useful public life, and more and more they are proving that the wearer of a coronet is no lazy drone or parasite. Trade, industry, recreation, sport, literature, science, and even the stage—all are fields for them to compete with their compatriots, and many have long distinguished themselves in their various walks of life. In so doing they contribute much to the breaking down of the barriers which may operate to separate them from the greater bulk of the population.

This is a welcome sign of the times; for as the physical or geographical world is growing smaller and smaller, so the different classes of common society should draw closer and closer to one another. Whereas title and birth were not so very long ago accounted superior to merit, the latter is now the universal ruling factor in the life of a community. And as this levelling process proceeds apace, class prejudices and animosities will soon become relics of the past, and then a Robert Burns of the future will not have to plead:

A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that;  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

NOW what is true of the aristocracy applies more so in the case of royalty. . . . In coming from an Eastern atmosphere, one naturally has some quixotic ideas about this subject on his arrival in England. In the popular opinion, the King of the country leads a life of perfect seclusion, and only a few of his subjects are privileged to see him.

As usual, I was, of course, soon disillusioned. The life led by the sovereign is not exclusive, although it cannot be so democratic as that of the nobility. The King and his consort, as well as the other members of the royal family often appear in public, so much so that perhaps few of his subjects can say that they have never seen their sovereign.

It is true that he cannot be so free and easy as a peer and walk about the streets or ride in the ordinary vehicles unattended, nevertheless, despite his exalted office, the King does frequently come into close contact with a considerable section of his loyal people.

Such appearances of the King in public are always appreciated by his people, for the latter genuinely desire to see as much as they can of the actual person of their sovereign. This explains why the roads and thoroughfares are always so very crowded, when it becomes known that the King and Queen are  
(Continued on page 50)



Min-Ch'ien T. Z. Tyan, LL.D. (London), spent seven and a half years in England before he returned to serve his native China as a journalist. He was for some time lecturer on international law at Tsing Hua College, Peking, and his writings on this difficult subject have earned him distinction in both countries. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Peking.





"This day Lem told Peg about the world and how it was run."

**T**WICE each day for almost a month Lem had gone into his father's room to stand, uncomfortable and shy, by the bed where his father lay sick. At noon when he came home from school for lunch and again just after dinner in the evening he went to the room. At noon his mother always said in her wearily patient way as she gave him his lunch on the kitchen table, "You'd better go up and see your father before you go," and after dinner in the evening she said, "You might go up and see your father now and bring down his tray." When Lem entered the sick-room and stood by the bed, uncomfortable as youth always is in the presence of dire illness, his father would open his eyes and look at him, but always with the same lack of expression. At each visit his father's face was thinner and sallow.

At fourteen Lem Barclay was taller than most men. His voice was changing and any emotion threw it into deep rumblings that distressed him because he could not control them and now and then it broke unexpectedly into a squeaky treble. He had never been a chatterer, but during this period he was afraid to talk because his voice was so ridiculous. When he was trying to get up courage to speak his face was apt to appear blank and stupid or even a little surly, but this was only because he was struggling to force his voice to utter human sounds and not the hoarse growl of a beast or the shrill squeak of a bird.

For five years Lem's mother had spoken of him as "manly" because he was reserved and quiet, and by the

## Beaten Paths

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

time he was fourteen she had almost forgotten that he was a boy. He was in long trousers because the shops could not fit him with boys' suits and, because he was so tall and silent, and grave when in the house, she thought he must be thinking a man's thoughts and reasoning with a man's reasoning. When he knew he was not observed Lem was usually all boy. His thoughts were all a boy's thoughts and his resentments were all boyish resentments.

One reason Lem said little at home was because he feared his father and believed his father thought he was not worth much. He had feared his father since his ninth year, and now the knowledge that his father was dying made him doubly shy. He was sorry for his father and longed to say or do something to show he loved him, but his father had never encouraged such expressions of affection, and when Lem went to the sick man's room he was deeply uncomfortable.

"How—how do you feel today, father?" was all his shyness would let him say.

"No better! I'll never be any better," his father would answer feebly in his discontented voice.

"Do you want—is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing but leave me alone."

"Well, I guess I'll go then," Lem

would say, sometimes in his hoarse guttural and sometimes with his voice breaking into its silly treble, and if it was after dinner he would add "Good night," and take up the tray and go out of the room, leaving the door ajar as his mother wished it to be.

He dreaded these visits to the sick-room. He felt that his father did not want him to come.

Lem's fear of his father dated from his ninth year when his father, in a rage, had given him a scolding so violent that the words had been seared into Lem's brain, never to be forgotten. Some of the phrases were most cruel—"I would rather see you dead and in your coffin than believe a son of mine had done such a thing" and "you are no better than a thief and a cheat when you do such things." A child does not forget such words even when they are spoken in anger.

**I**N itself Lem's fault had been trivial for a child. He had made a "trade" with a smaller boy, Eddie Porter, one of his playmates who had never owned a pocket knife and longed to own one. Young Eddie was an eager, babbling infant of six and owned a football of which he had grown tired and he had offered it to Lem for the knife. The knife, in its sad condition, was worth perhaps a dime and the football was worth a dollar but both young traders were happy and satisfied. It was when Lem, boyishly enthusiastic over the fine football he had got for his no-good old knife, had run to show the football to his father, that Enoch Barclay had given him the verbal lashing,

telling him he was no better than a thief and a rascal and making him take the football back to Eddie, who wept because he had to give up the knife. A sense of guilt and a fear of his father remained with Lem.

It was only when he was well away from the house that Lem's natural boyish happiness in life showed itself. The Barclay place was bounded by a hedge which at both sides and the rear had been allowed to grow high and thick and rank, and beyond this Lem was free. To the east, in the next house, lived a tanned, blue-eyed girl, two years Lem's junior, who was his playmate. Her name was Margaret, which had been shortened to Peg, and she was a good companion. He could talk to Peg. With Peg and his dog Jimps, a playful collie, Lem could be himself. To Jimps, as most boys are to their dogs, Lem was a god, and to Peg—she being those tremendous two years younger—he was the possessor of all wisdom, the source of all splendid games and a being of vast strength and prowess. When he talked seriously, Peg listened with awe, that he should know so much and so many things; when he suggested a game she entered into it enthusiastically, doing what she was told. She let him wrestle with her to show his strength and when he threw her hurling to the ground she never whimpered much, but when she had rubbed her elbow, cried, "All right! Bet you can't throw me this time!" and went at him again as she knew he wanted her to.

With Lem as the leader, Peg and Jimps explored the reaches of the creek. They went fishing down the slough. They climbed trees. Peg and Lem lay flat on their stomachs watching a worm crawl across a flat stone, or flat on their backs watching the clouds move across the sky, and Lem made his guesses about worms and the sky and about life and infinity, and Peg wondered and admired him. He did not know how fond of Peg he had become. When he had free play time and hurried from the house it was always towards the gap in the hedge; sometimes he found Peg just beyond the hedge waiting for him, often she would be in his yard, just inside the hedge, sitting on a stump, looking toward the kitchen door and waiting.

Lem's mother was not a happy woman. She was disappointed in her husband and made the mistake of letting Lem know it. Enoch Barclay had a brother Clyde who had left this little town of Denton to go into business in the far larger place, Derlingport, and who had become rich there, and Mrs. Enoch Barclay could not forget that her husband had clung stubbornly to Denton, never doing very well. His real estate and insurance business had never more than supported the family and at the best but poorly.

"You'll have to try to mend that carpet-sweeper, Lem," Mrs. Barclay would complain. "It ought to be thrown away, but nobody knows when I'll ever get another one. It does seem

as if when everybody else has a vacuum cleaner, that I might at least have a decent carpet-sweeper. If your father had any gumption he'd be Clyde Barclay's partner and not living along hand to mouth in this dead place. I do hope that when you grow up you'll not be like your father. He's got no more ambition than a snail."

This was the wrong way to proceed, if what she wanted was sympathy for her uninteresting life. Lem saw that his father worked as hard as any other man and harder than most men in Denton, and the only result of his mother's complaining was to make Lem feel that she was unjust. What more could his father do? He worked, didn't he? He was honest, wasn't he? Once he dared to say so to his mother.

"Honest, yes!" she said. He's so honest he leans over backward, and much good it does anybody! Much good it has ever done us!"

THERE came a rainy Saturday in late September when a load of pinewood had been dumped in the woodshed and all morning Lem had sat in the shed with Peg opposite him and Jimps sniffing and scratching at the sawdust floor, Lem cutting the crisp, redolent pine into kindling and Peg piling it against the wall. It was an easy chore and pleasant, the keen hatchet splitting the straight-grained wood easily, and Lem talked of many things.

This day Lem told Peg about the  
(Continued on page 56)



"Remember that I tell you that honesty does not pay . . . remember, these are my dying words."

# Conference Facts and Figures

AT a conservative estimate, the district conferences of Rotary International this year had a total attendance of over 46,000. Official reports listed here show an attendance of 31,042 men and 14,087 women—a total of 45,129. But reports have not yet been received for the conferences at St. John's, Newfoundland; Turin, Italy; Paris, France; Pretoria, South Africa; Rotterdam, Holland; Barcelona, Spain; Brus-

sels, Belgium; and Plzen, Czechoslovakia. A total of 1,362 clubs are already reported as being represented at their respective district conferences, while 62 failed to be represented.

Apparently more clubs will fail of representation this year than in 1927, although the total attendance figures are greater by about 4,000 than they were last year.

District	Where Held	Date	Registered Attendance			Number of Clubs in District	Number of Clubs Not Represented	Name of District Governor	Name of Newly Elected District Governor
			Men	Women	Total				
1	Seattle, Wash.	Apr. 22-24	1000	546	1546	60	2	H. H. Manny	John F. Casper
2	Sacramento, Calif.	May 10-12	3213	1074	4287	146	1	Almon E. Roth	Herbert E. Harris
3	Mexico City, Mexico	May 12-14	267	140	407	35	5	Julio Zetina	Ing. Ernesto Aguilar
4	Regina, Sask., Canada	Apr. 26-27	341	208	549	24	0	T. A. Torgeson	G. Fred McNally
5	Ogden, Utah	Apr. 12-13	409	328	737	22	0	Horace G. Merrill	Walter H. Cleare
6	Miles City, Montana	Mar. 23-24	179	55	234	16	0	Frank A. Hazelbaker	I. W. Church
7	Boulder, Colorado	Mar. 18-20	241	162	403	34	2	Harry M. Barrett	Frank E. Parks
8	Leavenworth, Kansas	Apr. 19-20	472	236	708	40	0	Paul F. Edquist	Harve Plumb
9	Superior, Wis.	May 3-4	587	125	712	40	0	Hanford F. Cox	George Phil Sheridan
10	Marquette, Wis.-Menominee, Mich.	May 14-15	577	242	819	37	0	W. E. Wagener	J. D. Brownell
11	Iowa City, Iowa	Apr. 24-25	426	190	616	63	0	Pearl K. McKee	Clyde L. Hulsizer
12	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Apr. 26-27	1307	776	2083	45	0	Dwight S. Wolfinger	Dan Ohern
13	Watertown, Wis.	May 8-9	645	164	809	27	0	George S. Whyte	Arthur W. Lueck
14	Kirkville, Mo.	May 3-4	569	225	794	31	0	Robert L. Hill	LeRoy F. Turnbull
15	Pittsburg, Kans.	Apr. 23-24	984	502	1486	53	1	Earl Foster	Albert G. Ingalls
16	Columbus, Miss.	Apr. 18-19	371	140	511	27	0	Ray R. Ramey	Vinton Birney Imes
17	Monroe, La.	Apr. 16-17	425	188	613	47	1	Hugh L. White	Claybrook Cottingham
18	Louisville, Ky.	Apr. 16-17	520	348	868	44	2	Coleman Taylor	Robert A. Cochran
19	Council Bluffs, Iowa	Apr. 16-17	445	246	691	56	3	R. V. Clark	Charles Pugsley
20	West Baden, Ind.	Feb. 21-22	561	262	823	58	0	Chas. O. Grafton	Worth W. Pepple
21	Cleveland, Ohio	Apr. 24-25	1017	744	1761	63	2	Charles J. Starkey	Joseph M. Markley
22	Ironton, Ohio	Apr. 19-20	383	194	577	36	2	Frank L. Beggs	R. D. Hughes
23	Windsor, Ontario	May 10-11	680	176	856	40	1	Omar P. Steele	Richard C. Hedke
24	Morgantown, W. Va.	Apr. 30-May 1	475	246	721	36	1	J. H. Hickman	Herbert E. Dunlap
25	Habana, Cuba	Mar. 24-26	126	32	158	21	1	Joaquin Anorga	Abel Marrero
26	Anniston, Ala.	Apr. 23-24	271	64	335	28	0	W. H. Merrill	Ernest L. Deal
27	Toronto, Ontario	Apr. 30-May 1	829	547	1376	55	1	David M. Wright	Robert C. Turnbull
28	Binghamton, N. Y.	May 11-12	594	324	918	55	1	J. J. Allen	Arthur B. Stiles
29	Lake Mohawk, N. Y.	May 17-19	363	211	574	46	1	J. Thatcher Sears	Bradley A. Dusenbury
30	Waterbury, Conn.	Apr. 19-20	360	4	364	37	2	Allen J. Bagg	James A. Guna



District	Where Held	Date	Registered Attendance			Number of Clubs in District	Number of Clubs Not Represented	Name of District Governor	Name of Newly Elected District Governor
			Men	Women	Total				
31	Salem, Mass.	Apr. 23-24	725	0	725	57	0	Charles H. Simons	Albert K. Comins
32	St. John's, N. F.	June 28-29						D. J. Buckley	Wilfred C. Keirstead
33	New Castle, Pa.	Apr. 26-27	599	404	1003	56	2	Charles F. Uhl	Harry Whyel
34	York, Pa.	May 14-15	384	263	647	52	3	Ridgeley P. Melvin	Joseph W. Stayman
35	Petoskey, Mich.	June 4-5	450	150	600	31	2	Fred E. Hill	Walter Wood
36	Asbury Park, N. J.	Apr. 23-24	436	234	670	57	4	Mahlon S. Drake, Jr.	Frank H. Cole
37	Claremont, N. H.	May 8-9	420	6	426	48	1	A. R. Parshley	Raymond E. Farwell
38	Lewiston, Me.	Apr. 30-May 1	411	0	411	33	0	Sullivan Andrews	Bernard Archibald
39*	Atlanta, Ga.	May 14-15	629	205	834	77	3	Robertson T. Arnold	Harry H. Root
40	La Salle, Ill.	Apr. 17-18	403	113	516	34	0	A. H. Anderson	H. J. Rendall
41	Lubbock, Texas	Apr. 19-20	480	180	660	41	1	Ellis H. Boyd	Rufus P. Parcells
42	Albuquerque, N. M.	Apr. 27-28	166	94	260	15	0	Guy P. Harrington	Jeff. D. Atwood
43	Prescott, Ariz.	Apr. 30-May 1	232	142	374	19	0	Lloyd C. Henning	Frederic A. Shaffer
44	Quincy, Ill.	May 23-24	396	239	635	38	1	Edwin Hillman	Will Taylor
45	West Frankfort, Ill.	Apr. 16-17	577	200	777	53	1	Fred P. Watson	Cameron Harmon
46	Turin, Italy	May 12-13						Felice Seghezza	Prince P. Ginori Conti
47	Harlingen, Texas	Apr. 23-24	415	150	565	44	0	George B. Peeler	Arthur B. Mayhew
48	Corsicana, Texas	Apr. 16-17	467	169	636	33	1	H. W. Stilwell	Walter E. Kingsbury
49	Paris, France	May 14						Etienne Fougere	Etienne Fougere
50	Atlantic City, N. J.	May 7-8	729	525	1254	61	0	Sam A. Schmucker	Charles W. Ackley
51	Scranton, Pa.	Apr. 25-26	715	454	1169	40	0	James P. Whyte	Edwin A. Glenn
52	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Apr. 26-27	328	189	517	32	2	James A. Cayce	Robert Yost
53	Palmerston North, New Zealand	Feb. 29-Mar. 4	224	158	382	23	1	Charles Rhodes	Alexander F. Roberts
54	Zurich, Switzerland	May 5-6	180	82	262	14	0	Louis Favre	Henry Tschudy
55	Pretoria, South Africa	May 29-30						R. W. Rusterholz	Kenneth Young
56	Norfolk, Va.	May 8-9	704	257	961	46	0	William H. Surber	John Weymouth
57	Greensboro, N. C.	May 3-4	540	183	723	45	0	Luther Hodges	George Butler
58	Charlotte, N. C.	Apr. 24-25	628	430	1058	41	0	David Clark	William Way
59	Rotterdam, Holland	May 12						Dirk P. Hudig	Wm. de Cock Buning
60	Barcelona, Spain	May 18-20						Florestan Aguilar	Jose Carles
61	Brussels, Belgium	Apr. 28-29						Edouard Willems	Edouard Willems
62	El Dorado, Ark.	May 14-15	236	92	328	36	2	Charles W. Norton	Charles T. Evans
63	Buenos Aires, Argentina	Apr. 12-13	36	9	45	15	7	Donato Gaminara	Cupertino del Campo
64	Santiago, Chile	Mar. 31-Apr. 8	89	0	89	34	2	Dr. Eduardo Moore	Joaquin Lapeley
65	Hobart, Tasmania, Australia	Mar. 5	196	198	394	17	0	George Frederick Birks	George Frederick Birks
66	Pizen, Czechoslovakia	Apr. 28-May 1						Josef Schulz	Bedrich Vraný
67	Stavanger, Norway	May 5-7	59	0	59	5	0	Nils Parmann	Jakob Dreyer

\*The Thirty-ninth District was divided into two districts, and Abit Nix, of Athens, Georgia, was nominated as the governor of the newly created Sixty-ninth District.

# Lost Ships of the Air

## *Mysterious disappearances solved and unsolved*

By Orville H. Kneen

ON JUNE 5, 1783, several thousand wide-eyed Frenchmen at Versailles saw a queer sight. A new "contraption" of silk, filled with heated air, slowly rose and drifted away. Just what its three passengers thought or did is unknown, for they were a sheep, a cock and a duck! Ten minutes later they landed safely, a mile and a half away, the first air travelers in history.

Since that day thousands of men have gone aloft, in gas-filled ships or in engine-driven planes. Like the pioneer trio at Versailles, most of them have come safely back to Mother Earth. When some were less fortunate—or less skilled—their wrecked ships have been found on lonely mountain-sides, or in the dense forest. Or perhaps floating parts have been fished from the water.

A few, however, have vanished forever. Brave air-travelers have waved

a gay farewell, swiftly risen into the blue sky—and neither they nor their ships have ever been seen again. Last year ten over-sea planes carried 21 brave flyers and three courageous women to this mysterious land of lost airships. Even great balloons have disappeared, leaving no trace or indication as to their fate.

It was the cold North Pole region that claimed the first victims of recent times. Standing on bleak and wind-swept Dane's Island, "jumping-off place" for the Pole, we might have witnessed a strange sight on July 11, 1897. A huge wooden shed, eight-sided and high as a five-story house, is the scene of feverish activity. As several men work their hardest at feeding sulphuric acid and iron filings into a gas-generator, a great rounded dome slowly rises inside the shed.

As the gas flows steadily into the silken envelope, the top of the huge

gas-bag rises above the shed. Now the gale grips it, shakes it savagely. But the ropes are held by strong arms. Above the roar of the wind booms the powerful voice of Major Andree, as through a speaking trumpet he directs the final operations.

Baskets carrying thirty-two carrier pigeons—destined to bring the last mortal messages from the explorers—are hung from the net. Now the bags of ballast-sand are placed. Finally the double-decked car is brought in and attached—the car that is to carry three brave men over the North Pole, if well-laid plans do not go astray.

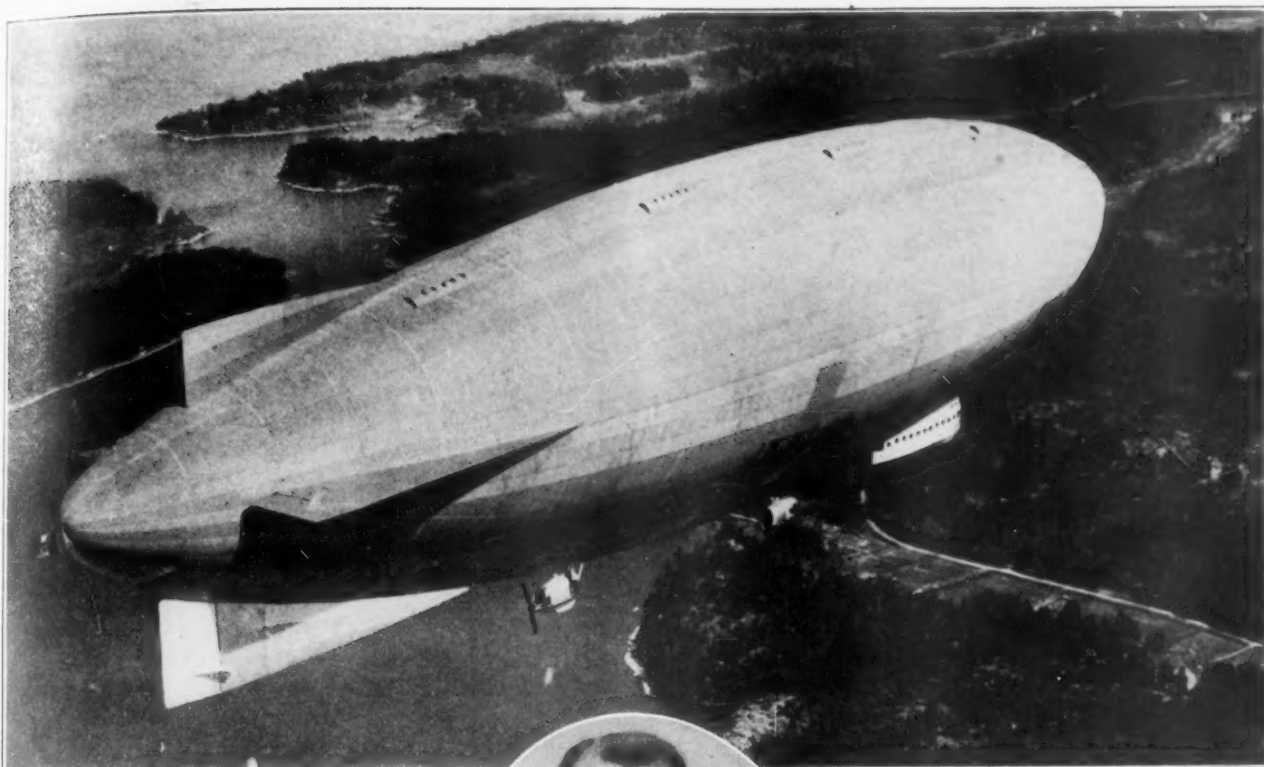
Major Andree, planner of this first desperate venture into the unknown Arctic, is an experienced Swedish engineer and balloonist. He has made many perilous ascents in his study of air navigation, has even ridden through heavy storms. "The Eagle" is the best balloon science of thirty years ago can design or money can buy. Andree has provided every tool and instrument they could possibly need in their daring flight.

From his long study of northern winds, Andree is certain that the strong south wind now shaking their shed to its foundations will swiftly drive them over the Pole. If it blows for only a few days it will land them in Siberia, or even in Alaska, on the other side of the globe. If they succeed in their desperate attempt, theirs will be the first human eyes to gaze down upon



Photo: Wide World.

Dedication ceremonies of the Nungesser-Coli and Lindbergh memorial at Le Bourget Field, near Paris, marking spot where the two brave French airmen took off on their ill-fated trip and where Lindbergh landed on his New York to Paris flight. United States Ambassador Myron Herrick is shown speaking at right.



Photos: Underwood &amp; Underwood.

An unusual picture of the "Italia," flying over the coast of Eastern Sweden near Stockholm, headed for the top of the world.



At left—General Umberto Nobile and his pal, Titina. The dog accompanied General Nobile on his former flight over the North Pole.

the snow-swept Polar regions. Perhaps they will find a new continent there.

At last all is ready. In the car stands Major Andree, cool, calm and determined, not a quiver in voice or hand. In a sudden lull he calls out loudly: "One—two—three—cut!"

Instantly the sailors cut the last three ropes. Free at last, "The Eagle" rises into her element. Cheer after cheer echoes from those who are left behind. Picked up by the rushing gale, the gas-bag is swiftly borne toward the open sea. Now it dips down, down until the car almost plunges into the white-caps of the ice-cold bay waters. For a moment every breath is withheld.

Then "The Eagle" again rises, the car swaying back and forth, long guide-ropes cutting the water into a white wake. The trio wave their hands in a last farewell. Then the aerial ship is lifted over a distant range of mountains. It disappears from view. A few minutes later the silent watchers see a tiny speck outlined against the northern skies. It vanishes.

Thus began the first aerial voyage to the North Pole, a public sensation for many a long day. Had these men come back to tell their tale of high adventure, their names would have rung through the ages. We would have known them as the world's most daring explorers. For with only the haziest knowledge of the northland and its

fierce storms, they had deliberately risked their lives to test out their ideas. In a frail ship of the air, at the mercy of every wind, they set forth to conquer the frozen Arctic, on the very top of the world.

The fate of the balloon and aeronauts will never be known. Eleven days later a fisherman killed one of the carrier pigeons. On its leg was a message, dated two days after the start, which said simply:

"Good progress towards the north. All goes well on board. This message is the third by pigeon. Andree." Later two cork buoys were fished from the ice-choked water, telling of further progress towards their goal. Then eternal silence descended.

Two months later some Siberians reported that they had seen a balloon. Buoy No. 13, which Andree was to have cast overboard at the nearest point to

the Pole, was found in the water two years later—on the coast of Spitzbergen, far from the Pole—and empty! Nothing more has ever been found. Whether they perished in a storm, in the water or on the ice, we cannot tell. Nor shall we ever know whether or not they were the first to reach the Pole. But certainly the names of Andree, Strindberg and Fraenkel will be near the head of the world's roll call of its bravest men of all time.

THIRTY years later in May, 1926, a balloon did sail over the icy region of the North Pole. Driven by powerful engines, the dirigible Norge swiftly covered that dreary land of snow and ice, and landed in Alaska with Amundsen, Ellsworth and Nobile. Only three days previously, Commander Byrd and Floyd Bennett had flown over the same spot in a roaring Fokker plane. So it was proved that Andree's gallant attempt came a third of a century too soon. With our swift planes and enormous motor-driven gas-bags, it seems that we have at last conquered the air.

And yet it is less than a year ago that two bold war-pilots of France waved a last goodbye on the field at Le Bourget, pointed their "White Bird" toward New York—and disappeared forever. Floating-bottle and carrier-pigeon messages have proved false.

(Continued on page 46)



# THAT'S THE SPIRIT OF ROTARY

Words and Music by  
A. DON STOCKER

HERE is a song written originally for "home consumption" at the Rotary Club of Alton, Illinois. However it has been so well received there and elsewhere that it seemed likely to appeal to Rotary music lovers in other parts of the world.

*Song Dedicated to the Rotary Club of Alton, Illinois, U.S.A.*

## That's the Spirit of Rotary [1]

Words and Music by  
A. DON STOCKER

Ro-tar-ians meet in ma-ny lands:— We grasp their hands—  
— A-cross the sea, — In for- eign climes these  
loy-al hands— Greet you and me — in Ro-ta-ry — Neath

[2]

Spain's and It-al-y's sun-ny skies: The ports of  
old Ja-pan — For the sun nev-er sets on  
Ro-tar-y — Ev'-ry-where, Ro-tar-ians clan —

CHORUS  
It's great to be-long to Ro-tar-y To know good fel-low-

[3]

ship. — A friend-ly smile, A word worth while, A  
song from ev'-ry lip. — He prof-its the most who  
serves the best; A ser-vice full and free. — To give a lift to  
liv-ing; That's the spir-it of Ro-tar-y —

# Super-Salesmanship as a Civilizer

*An advertising counsellor replies to a recent article*

**S**UPER-SALESMANSHIP is distinctively a development of the United States. Europeans and Asiatics have always regarded it with suspicion, and now it seems to be coming more and more under critical fire also in this country.

Books such as "Your Money's Worth," by Chase and Schlink, and articles such as "Super-Salesmanship," by Robert S. Gordon in the May ROTARIAN, may be regarded as chicken-coops or haystacks floating on the flood of public opinion, upon which there are also innumerable sticks and straws that show which way the stream flows.

Housewives are indignant about the frequent invasions of their privacy by backdoor salesmen. Businessmen fume about the fellows who break into their sanctums with the deceptive password: "Personal." Senators are annoyed at the number of sales-letters in their daily mail. College professors are increasingly informing their classes that modern advertising is unsound from the standpoint of pure economics, in which demand is still supposed to be the sole creator of supply.

Where there is so much flotsam and jetsam on the stream of public opinion, there must be flood conditions somewhere upstream; and the desire to "do something about it" arises naturally enough.

The real question, however, is *what* can be done about it?

To eliminate super-salesmanship entirely might be as bad as to eliminate all the water-courses flowing through agricultural land . . . if it were at all possible to do so.

To build artificial levees on both banks might merely silt up the bottom until the stream became an aqueduct elevated far above the countryside.

Let's look at this super-salesmanship squarely and see whether it is an un-



*By Charles Henry Mackintosh*

*Illustration by A. H. Winkler*

mixed evil, and whether it is really an evil at all, before we decide whether we want to do away with it even if we could.

Super-salesmanship is simply a name for the sort of salesmanship that doesn't wait for demand to develop before decorously undertaking to fill the order, but which goes out into the highways and *buyways* with the deliberate decision to develop demand where no demand previously existed.

Super-salesmanship went to the fellow who had six clerks in his counting-house writing letters by hand all day long and copying them off in a letter-press, and persuaded him to put in a couple of typewriters and to buy a ream of carbon-paper.

Super-salesmanship put the pedestrian on a bicycle, and the cyclist in an automobile. It is attempting already to take him out of the automobile and put him in a plane.

" . . . the covered wagon which carried population to places where there were no manufactories."

Super-salesmanship is a natural co-worker for super-inventiveness; for whenever something entirely new is thrown on the market, it must either wait for demand until the public learns by means of gossip what it is and what it does and how well it does it, or else super-salesmanship can get out and create the demand by means of "high-pressure" education.

The United States has always been a land of super-inventiveness, as the bulging records of the patent office patiently testify; and so there was every inducement for the development of super-salesmanship here.

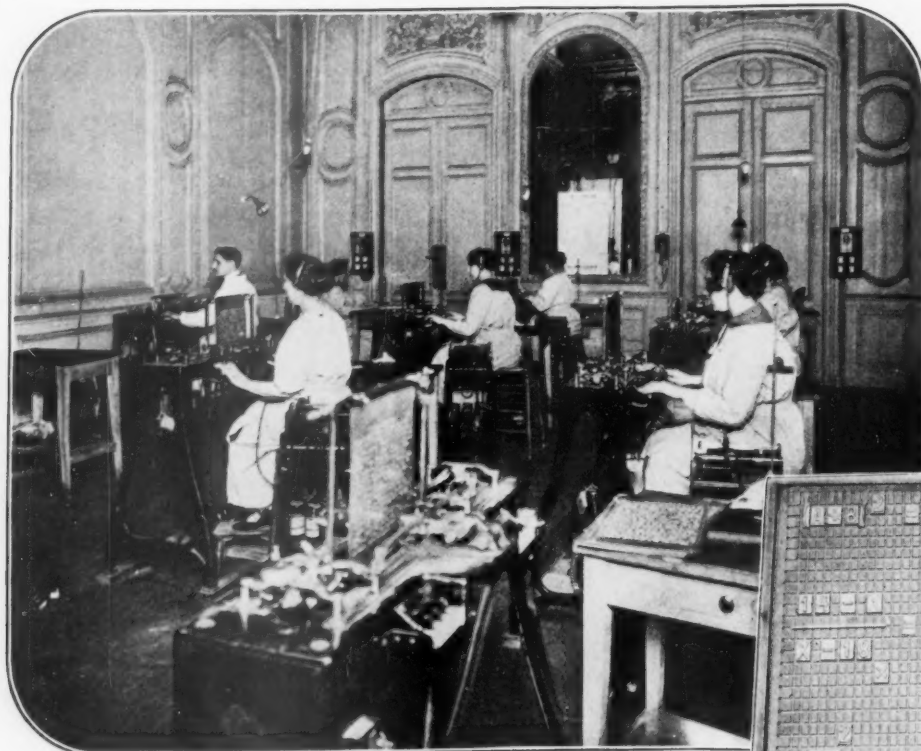
Another reason for the swift spread of super-salesmanship was the covered wagon which carried population to places where there were no manufactories, and where supply from Eastern manufactories had to seek out the scattered demand along the overland trails without incurring too great overhead costs.

Keen competition between sources of supply frequently resulted in the overloading of distant dealers, it is true, but that condition quickly corrects itself.

This wide scattering of demand far from the sources of supply also gave birth to the mass-method of super-salesmanship known as advertising.

In the olden days, when every community had its own well-known tailor and boot-maker, harness and wagon-maker, and the like, advertising would surely have been wasteful; but with the swift spread of population, and the growing tendency to concentrate manufacturing in order to secure the economies of mass-production, it became almost essential to invent some means of mass-selling to balance mass-production and the mass-distribution made possible by trans-continental transportation.

Advertising, disseminating its high-  
(Continued on page 45)



At left—These operators of the Braille Press, in Paris, are reproducing dictated material on their stereotype machines. From their punched "metal pages" numerous copies are made which, being in Braille print, can be readily understood by other blind folk who have mastered this dot alphabet

The frame below is used for teaching mathematics to the blind. By its use algebra, logarithms, etc., can be represented for the blind with the same characters used by other students



# New Wonders to Aid Blind

*By Francis Dickie*

**I**N a vast old mansion at 74 Rue Lauriston, Paris, once the ancestral home of the Duc de Clermont Tonnerre, but for the past ten years the headquarters of the American Braille Press issuing publications to aid the blind, there have just been brought to completion three new inventions as a further aid toward the victory over blindness. They are particularly interesting because these inventions are an entire departure from any previous helps to the blind. In the past the organization's efforts have been confined chiefly to improved methods of printing reading matter and music.

The three new inventions consist of a cross-word puzzle-board which can be effectively used by sightless people; a frame by which algebra, and simple and higher mathematics may be taught the blind by the ordinary symbols used by people who see; and a method by which blind people may make their own radio sets cheaply at home.

When it is remembered how popular

cross-word puzzles have been with people who can see, the boon of this new invention to the blind can the more readily be appreciated. The man who devised this method of solving cross-word puzzles by reading with the finger-tips was naturally blind himself. His name is Morris Anceaux, a young Frenchman of thirty years of age living near Paris. His first invention was a board of brass, with a rim of raised wood. The eleven squares were drilled by hand. Into the holes were fitted large-headed small nails which spelled in "Braille"—the raised print read by the blind—the letters with which to work out the puzzle. His invention was taken over by the American Braille Press, but as each board cost three dollars and forty cents to manufacture, and it is the aim of the organization to supply devices either free to the blind or at a very small charge, experiments were carried on to lower production costs.

Four cross-word puzzle boards were

produced before a final very cheap method was evolved. The second, also of wood and brass, but in four parts, cost two dollars and forty cents. A board was next made entirely of heavy zinc, which cut the price to one dollar, sixty cents. This was also too expensive. The chief expense was that the board had to be hand-drilled. Then the workman in charge of the machine-shop of the Braille Press had a brilliant idea. He took an ordinary thin sheet of zinc, the same as those used in printing "Braille." The dots which comprise this printing for the blind is stamped upon the zinc sheet by a machine called a stereotyper which is operated by blind people. The workman, by lengthening the points on one stereotyping machine made it possible to drill the holes which make the cross-word puzzle on the thin zinc sheets. This did away with the expensive hand-drilling, and the previous expensive metals, and made it possible for blind operators to make the cross-word puzzle



boards at a cost of fifty cents. Also, by leaving a strip of zinc around the squares, and turning this down after the perforations were made, a rim was formed so that the board was raised up and the metal nails had a clear space underneath. Within a week after the invention was manufactured at a low price, a thousand were delivered in England for use by the blind. The last board has standard 15 squares, the first invention had only eleven.

A STILL more important invention, which oddly enough was completed within a few weeks of the cross-word puzzle board, is a frame whereby algebra and simple and higher mathematics, including logarithms may be taught to blind people by using the symbols familiar to people with sight. This also is the invention of a blind man named Wlodzimierza Dolanskiego, a Pole residing at Lemberg. A few years ago he lost his sight and his left arm in an accident. At the time he earned a living by piano playing and painting. After his accident he took up mathematics, and through this interest had soon invented a board to help himself, which will now prove of great benefit to others.

The particular importance of this invention is that a blind child of normal intelligence can now learn mathematics in company with a class who can see. It has been found by educationalists that a blind child acquires knowledge more quickly when working in company with normally sighted children, than alone, or with other blind children. But in the past the chief drawback has been that the teacher dem-

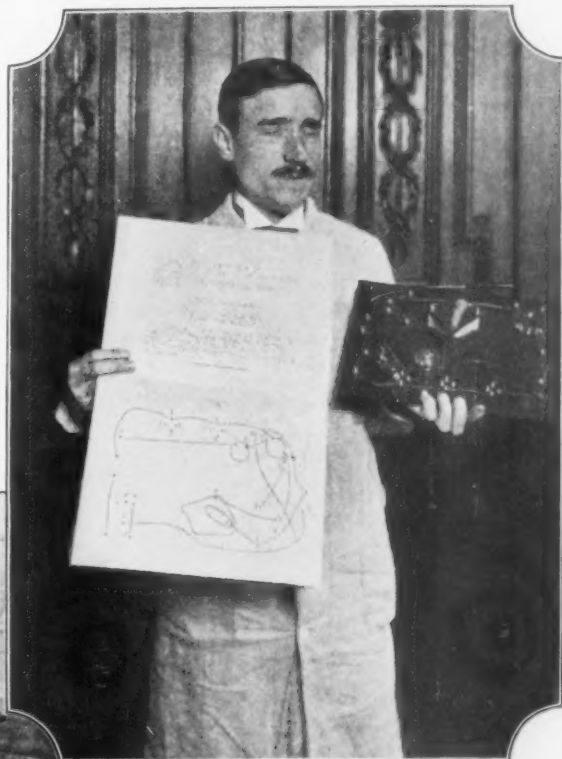
onstrating a problem on the black-board to a normal class could not explain to the child without vision. And also since the blind child used the Braille form of writing the teacher was unable to correct her work. Now with the perfection of this new invention by which figures, letters, and mathematical symbols are used which are familiar to people with sight, mathematics can be learned by a blind child in an ordinary class. The new invention is simple, effective, and not very costly. It consists of a grooved frame of wood, and letters, figures, and symbols about an inch high made of lead. The grooved frame fits into the lid of a small portable case. The lower part of the case is divided into compartments to hold the lead figures and letters. The invention can be manufactured in quantities for about two dollars and a half.

The third invention is in keeping with modern times—a practical method whereby blind people can make their own radio sets cheaply at home. This was produced by the cooperation of the Braille organization and French radio manufacturers. The radio companies supplied a skeleton frame, the dials of which are marked with raised letters. The biggest obstacle overcome was the manner of conveying directions as to wiring, etc., which, in the case of a blind person, required more than just the ordinary written instructions. After much

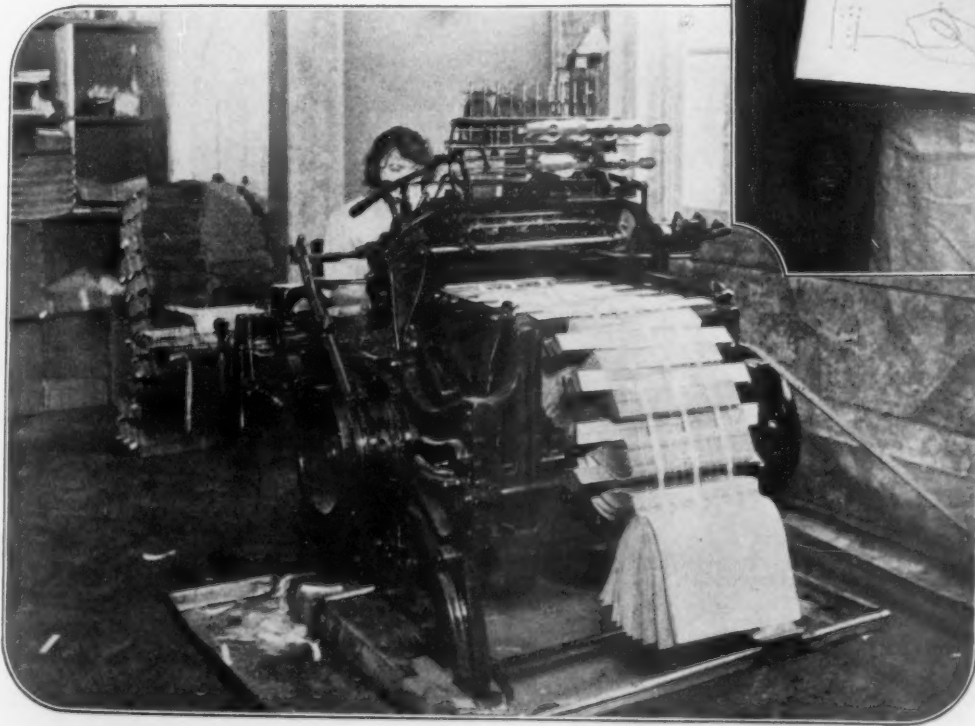
experimenting the American Braille Press evolved a complete diagram in relief to guide the blind person in wiring the skeleton frame. This with additional ordinary instructions printed in Braille covered four sheets of special paper. The new invention already has been found satisfactory by several blind persons. The photograph gives an idea of the great aid this is to people of small means in setting up their own sets.

While typewriters have been manufactured that could be used by the blind to print the special kind of writing read by them, a new type has just recently been put into use which is an improvement on previous ones. Previous machines used a roller. This was a drawback as it was impossible to make corrections, because turning back the roller to do this flattened the dotted printing, spoiling the work. Furthermore, earlier machines printed only on

(Continued on page 53)



Above—Radio has been of immense benefit to the blind and through the cooperation of Braille printers and French radio manufacturers there has been designed this set of plans from which blind people can make their own sets



At left—One of the high-speed book-stitching machines in operation at the Braille Press. 19,000,000 pages of Braille, in six languages, have been sent to the blind in forty countries during the last four years

# THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by  
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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## The Six Objects of Rotary

TO ENCOURAGE AND FOSTER:

1. The ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.
2. High ethical standards in business and professions.
3. The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
4. The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
5. The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
6. The advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## Curing the City's Ills

LORD BRYCE once lamented the fact that the American city had witnessed the failure of democratic government. Professor Steiner goes still further when he says: "In the city lies the doom of our civilization. The city holds man in discontent, keeps him caged, forgets him. Thus it breeds wars and makes peace impossible. In Athens, Berlin, Rome, Chicago, the eagles of war are hatched."

There is a remedy for every disease. What, then, is the remedy for the dangers that lurk in city life? We must choose one of two alternatives. Either we must abolish the city or we must save the city. If we fail to do the one or the other our civilization must go by the board.

We cannot abolish. We must save. Any organization which can do a part in this work deserves all honor and credit. And it must achieve several things, if we accept the dictum of Professor Steiner. It must make him more contented; it must be friendly to him; it must tend towards peace.

Rotary does these things. It offers the city man an ideal. It opens to him a mighty reservoir of friendship. It strives, through its association of clubs in various cities and various nations, to make the chance of war more remote because of the sense of brotherhood among the business and professional men of all municipalities.

Does the doom of our civilization lie in the city? Only if we give the evil influences of municipal life full sway. But a little leaven of kindness, organized and developed for Golden Rule service, can keep the city sweet and save humanity. That is the Rotary faith.

## Aristocracy or Democracy

"IS Rotary an aristocracy or a democracy?" a friend asked. "I have heard it described as a class organization," he said, "and I have heard it condemned as being excessive in its democratic instincts."

It is both. The core of aristocracy is the existence of a self-conscious group who consider themselves superior to other human kind and strive, in some sphere of action, to maintain that superiority by closing the door to all the rest of the world. The moment Rotary adopts such a stand-

ard, its influence will dwindle until it will become nothing but a shriveled memory.

Democracy, on the other hand, admits the existence of classes but insists upon an easy transit from one to the other. There is no sacrosanct social circle. Those who lead in society welcome anyone who wishes to enter if he possesses the qualifications of culture, good fellowship, and kindness. There is no fixed line anywhere. He who has the will to grow may find the way to every high altar.

Rotary is not entirely a democracy for it has an unyielding limitation in its membership. It is in part an aristocracy because it seeks the best representative for every classification.

But it has no consciousness of superiority. The moment it adopts such a theory it destroys itself. Within its rank it must be wholly democratic, finding the man with a million no better than the man who finds the ordinary club dues a problem.

And in its attitude towards life it must be wholly democratic. Rotarians must work with everyone to attain worthy objectives. Their ideal is brotherhood and they must demonstrate it as they go out of their organization into the world. In their various occupations they must not feel themselves exemplars because of their Rotary code, rather consider themselves men bringing to their line of endeavor whatever they have, glad to receive as well as give.

Rotary is not a class and must not permit the caste spirit to enter its soul. Every true Rotarian can take for his motto these sententious words of a great modern: "It is not important what class you were born in but what class is born in you."

## The One Safe Test

THE rather shabby capitalist religion of Babbitt and Rotary Clubs."

The phrase is from a recent article in the Princeton Alumni Weekly, entitled, "Why I am a Socialist," by Rev. Norman Thomas, '05. It is one of those *ex cathedra* statements from a man who is on the outside looking in, which disturb some of our weaker brethren.

But why? Any organization or movement in human history consists of the people who are in it. The ideals and principles behind it depend chiefly upon them; and it is out of a brilliant personnel that one usually may expect brilliant ideas and a brilliant leadership.

We have no particular quarrel to pick with Socialism. Rotary aligns itself with no one political party. Rotary supports honest politics regardless of political creed. Rotary would remove the unfit and the dishonest from public life. But in spite of Mr. Thomas' slur on the Rotary movement—something which he could not possibly understand—one might ask which has the stronger average of cultural outlook and contribution to human society, Rotary International or the Third International. As we look over the ordinary group of Socialists, with a large proportion of embittered theorists, and turn from them to a similar group of Rotarians, very largely made up of the more unselfish, democratic, forward-looking citizenship of the community, we cannot believe the categorical phrase of the Socialist preacher is to be taken seriously. If Rotary is shabby, Socialism certainly is threadbare. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Socialism, carried to its natural conclusion, has produced modern Russia. What shall we expect of Rotary? Is it tending in a better direction? That is the one safe test.

# ROTARY EVENTS

*of International Interest*

## The Harrogate Conference

Reports of the conference attended by some 2,400 Rotarians from the seventeen districts in the British Isles are distinctly encouraging. The six-day conference seems to have been dominated by a sense of impending change—that and the desire for making Rotary still more international and still more effective. It is not possible to do more than mention a few features on the program, but the very complete presentation of the Leeds club cannot be omitted from any account. This Rotary dramatization effectively revealed all the various processes involved in securing a new member, and incidentally indicated to some of the older members how important this acquisition is. Then there was the opportunity for the ladies to express their opinion of Rotary—and of how women could best cooperate with Rotarians. There was a breakfast for club-publication editors—and a book-stall run in connection with this function did a brisk business in pamphlets. There were speeches: Herbert Schofield, of Loughborough, told members

that they could never codify a spirit; Viscount Cecil bade them aim high to hit their target; Baron von Bethmann, of Frankfort, was cheered when he said that Rotary in Germany was tackled with both seriousness and enthusiasm; the Reverend L. J. Hines, of Halifax, suggested the formation of junior Rotary clubs; Norton Mathews, of Bristol, scored a direct hit with his address, "The Moving Spirit"; and Vivian Carter, of London, said au revoir to associates with whom he will again cooperate, but in a new capacity, when he takes another Rotary post in the United States, becoming editor and business manager of THE ROTARIAN.

## Monument to Canadian Engineer

during the conference period there was unveiled in a public square a monument to Octor Pearson, Canadian engineer. This monument was erected by Barcelona Rotarians and was formally received by local and national authorities.

A brief report on the Rotary district conference held at Barcelona, Spain, mentions that

## From Clay Tablet to Telepix

The international press exposition, which, until October, will be attracting many visitors to Cologne, Germany, is remarkable in that it is not only the first international affair of its kind, but also because it is so complete. The exposition opened on May 12th, and the inauguration was attended by 6,000 guests, including Jacob Gould Schurman, head of the American delegation; Otto Braun, premier of Prussia; and Heinrich Brauns, German minister of labor, all of whom availed themselves of the opportunity to stress the power of the press as a factor in world peace.

The exhibits include nearly everything connected with the Fourth Estate from the clay tablets inscribed with the cuneiform script of say 3,000 years ago to the most modern devices to save seconds in the transmission of messages and pictures. Several newspapers have set up individual exhibits and are editing and printing daily papers under



Here we have some of the Rotarians responsible for the success of the conference of the British and Irish Rotary clubs held at Harrogate. Left to right—Vivian Carter, London, England, former secretary of "R. I. B. I.," and newly appointed editor and business manager of "The Rotarian"; T. C. Thomsen, Aarhus, Denmark, special commissioner of Rotary International; the Most. Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, archbishop of York; Thomas Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland, immediate past president of "R. I. B. I."; Arthur Sapp, Huntington, Indiana, president of Rotary International; Baron von Bethman, president of the Rotary Club of Frankfort, Germany; Canon W. T. Elliott, Liverpool, England; Arthur Chadwick, London, England, president of "R. I. B. I."



the gaze of interested spectators. The Rotary Club of Cologne—newly organized—is entertaining many Rotary visitors in Cologne for the exposition.

**President Emeritus In Ireland**

Paul P. Harris was given a great reception in Dublin. The founder of Rotary received a cordial message from Frederick A. Sterling, American minister to the Irish Free State, and was enthusiastically received at a meeting attended by representatives of all Irish creeds and political parties. The meeting was presided over by Major Bryan Cooper, a prominent member of the Dail. The Dublin club presented President Emeritus Harris with an Irish blackthorn stick, and he received a similar gift from the Daily Independent which claims to have been the first European newspaper to be identified with Rotary. In the afternoon the President Emeritus visited the Dail and the Senate, and when he left that evening for London declared that he had greatly enjoyed his stay in Ireland.

**Attendance Contest**

The last report on the international attendance contest, giving the results for the month of April, shows that Rotarians of some 2,200 clubs in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, made an average of 87.64 per cent attendance for that month. The report also shows that the best records are being made in the clubs with less than fifty members, that at least seven such clubs have headed their division eleven times. For contest purposes the clubs are grouped in five divisions according to the number of members in the club.

Which club has the best record for consecutive 100 per cent meetings is not known—but probably West Point, Mississippi, with a run of 191 such gatherings—or almost every meeting, since the club was organized, has a good claim. The club has about 28 members and is particularly interested in promoting local dairying.

#### **Four Tokyo Members See Many Lands**

Four members of Tokyo Rotary should be able to represent their club at meetings held in about half the countries where Rotary is known. Recently Vice-president Noboru Ohtani and Y. Nagashima passed through Chicago on their world tour. M. Inouye is on a trip through Havana to South

America and thence back to Japan through Europe. Now it is reported that Y. Shimizu is going through Siberia, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, and the British Isles. From there he goes to the United States and expects to be back in Tokyo for the Pacific Rotary Conference on October 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Perhaps he will meet with Ohtani and Nagashima in Siberia; perhaps they will not meet until the Pacific Conference.

#### **"The Gas Producers"**

Is a Rotary song an international event? Yes! At least music is international and a song at your own expense is an event. So there is some excuse for reproducing here the song written by James Dalzell, past president of the Rotary Club of Belfast, Ireland. The song was suggested by a remark of the Archbishop of York: "If holding meetings were all that Rotary stood for, it would be the largest company for the production of gas in the world." This—as the Archbishop added, was not all. But as a check to any tendencies in the direction of the gas-works Belfast Rotarians have their song "The Gas Producers," three verses of which follow, and which is sung to the air of "The Froth Blowers." It goes like this:

The more we talk together,  
And blether together,  
The more we blow and blether,  
The gassier we'll be.  
So I'll blow, and you'll blow,  
And you'll blow and I'll blow;  
The more we blow and blether,  
The prouder we shall be.

The more we tell what we'd do—  
What we'd do were we you—  
The more we tell what we'd do  
The nobler we shall be;  
So I'll tell what I'd do,  
And you'll tell what you'd do;  
Of course we'll never do it, boys,  
For that is Rotaree.

You've heard of York's Archbishop—  
Archbishop, archbishop,  
Who has applied his hyssop  
To perfume Rotaree:  
For he thinks, as I think,  
And we think as he thinks,  
The less we talk and more we do  
The better it will be.

#### **Fêtes Franco-Belge**

A recent report from Antwerp states that French and Belgian Rotarians have had a series of pleasant international visits. First there was the Fête Franco-Belge arranged by the club at Lille, France, then the club at Charleroi, Belgium, reciprocated with a gathering attended by about fifty Belgians and twenty-five French Rotarians, including District Governor Willems and the presidents of the clubs at Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Lille, and La Louviere.

This resulted in another invitation—this time from the club at La Louviere, Belgium, where the visitors inspected the "ascenseur" of the canal at Houdeng Gosgnies where barges are lifted some forty feet.

**Enjoyed His European Trip**

Speaking informally before the general Rotary staff in Chicago, Arthur Sapp, International President,

reported that he had had a most enjoyable trip to Europe. He had been in England, Holland, France, Monaco, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. Apart from many pleasant visits to clubs, historic points, and private homes, he had been very favorably impressed by the handling of the British Rotary conference at Harrogate and by the prospects for the development of Rotary's Sixth Object throughout Europe.

#### **Young Australia On Tour**

Announcements and a formal invitation are going out from the Chicago offices of Rotary International to some twenty-two Rotary clubs in the United States and Canada. This is all in preparation for the reception of a unit of the Young Australia League in the respective communities where these clubs are located.

The League is an organization of Perth, Western Australia, and its personnel consists of lads from 12 to 19 years of age. In the group of 150 coming on this tour to America most of the boys are from 17 to 19 years of age, and many are specially selected students. An excellent boy's band is with the group, which is under the direction of Rotarian John J. Simons of Perth. He is a gifted speaker and promises suitable entertainment for the organizations of those communities where the boys make a stay.

The League boys are to reach San Francisco in December and will sail from Vancouver about four months later.

**International Night**

Many Rotary clubs in the United States and Canada have tried the plan of an "international night" where each Rotarian brings as

his dinner guest some local man of foreign birth. One of these interesting functions was held recently at Alamosa, Colorado, when it was planned to have a thorough cosmopolitanism reflected in both attendance and program.



### "What's in a Name?"

AN original viewpoint in connection with business ethics is shown in an editorial which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* of May 26th. Amongst the other things that this will suggest is the necessity for making our business or profession stand for something definite and something fine whether it be that of corporation president or bootblack. It suggests also a regard for our job in the plain terms of its "family name" and not a name that would appear to be a striving for personal glory.

#### AN HONEST NAME

"In the recent concluding article of a series in *The Saturday Evening Post*, entitled *An American Banker*, the subject of the autobiography ascribes his success in part to the fact that he has always thought of his job in plain terms. He remarks that people like to do business with a man who feels that way. "I, myself, will always patronize a barber shop rather than a tonsorial parlor. And when the time comes, I think I shall prefer to throw my business to an undertaker instead of a mortician . . . When a man calls his job by a plain name you know he is thinking more about his job than about his personal glory."

"Such a blunt confession of faith is sure to meet dissent, because in the striving of many lines of business for what is considered a professional, or higher, status, new names are being concocted. If the purpose is to raise ethical standards, then a changed nomenclature may have an argument to recommend it. New names are often taken on when business men organize trade associations, and the exchange of opinion and experience which goes on in such associations is a real force for improved service. President Morgan, of Antioch College, in one of his little bulletins, goes so far as to say that if "even our political bosses should organize an American Institute of Professional Politicians, with a professional journal and a code of ethics, their innate quality and desire for the respect of their associates in time would turn the organization into a constructive force for good government."

"It is a serious problem these days to protect time-honored and honestly acquired titles. A pants manufacturer is engaged in just as honorable and legitimate a business as a civil engineer, and it would add not one whit to his dignity or status to be known as a nether-garment engineer.

"Then, too, in the heat of business expansion and competition, cases frequently arise of particular name thieving. Business ethics, so called, will be little more than a pious wish until honesty in the selection of specific names becomes more common than it is today. The effort to capitalize on a competitor's name is not only a relic of jungle days but it shows a striking lack of originality and ability. After all, the man who is worth while, who has a real conscience and who believes that a good name is more to be desired than riches, will always see to it that his name is an honest one."

### To Those Who Attended the MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION

"THE ROTARIAN" offers two cash prizes of \$50 each for the two best articles written on the convention—one prize-winning article to be selected from the United States or Canada; one article from those received from Rotarians in other countries. Articles to be of 2000 words or less and submitted not later than August first.

The two prize-winning articles will be published in the September number. Articles in any language may be submitted. In case either or both of the prize-winning articles are in languages other than English, an English translation will also be published simultaneously with the original or originals.

### The Report of the Club President

By Harry Smiley

BUSINESS men take inventory at least annually in order to obtain such information as will enable them properly to conduct their business.

Rotary is now one of the biggest businesses in the World. Its capital stock is composed of its six objects with the golden rule as a reserve capable of unlimited expansion and its quick assets are high rates of interest constantly and continually being deposited in flourishing banks of fellowship in forty-four countries of the World, and that interest is being compounded by the stockholders of this company in their every human contact.

Hence, Rotary International finds it expedient to take stock at least once each year in its annual convention. But it is just as essential for member clubs to take an inventory as for Rotary International itself and that duty rightfully falls upon the club's retiring president. He it is who has led his club through the year's work and whether he wills it or not, to him will be ascribed the censure or the praise for his club's failure or success.

It is not within my province to give detailed advice as to the form the president's report to his club should take. Each club president knows his own club and knows what he and his board or he and his aims and objects committee planned to do during their year's service. He also knows what of success or failure has attended their efforts. He has been aided by the kindly advice of Rotary International and his district governor as well as by the co-operation of his own club members.

It would be well to give the year's record of losses in membership together with the reasons for those losses and also the number of new members added during the year because no club can show a healthy condition which does not strive to extend Rotary in its own community.

This report gives the retiring president an additional opportunity to impress upon his club how lost motion and reduplication in committee work have been reduced to a minimum by the

(Continued on page 43)

# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

*"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."*—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## Junior Farmers' Potato Club

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO.—The Ontario Department of Agriculture is co-operating with the local Rotarians in conducting a Potato Growing Contest for junior farmers. The contestants must be between 16 and 20 years of age and must reside in the district. Five bags of certified seed is issued to every contestant, who will undertake to return seven bags of potatoes next fall. One thing the sponsors hope to do is to reduce the number of varieties grown in this district—as it is almost impossible at present to get a carload of one variety. Written crop reports are made.

## Partnership With Young Farmers

CONWAY, ARKANSAS.—Rotarians here are in the midst of an interesting experiment in youthful responsibility. The business men went in partnership with

forty-five of the county boys and girls, each Rotarian underwriting the purchase of pure-bred cattle, which the youngsters will care for. It is thought that this plan, which has been tried elsewhere, will result in improvements in local dairy farming and will, incidentally, bring Rotarians in closer touch with their young neighbors.

## Ask 300 Subscriptions For Boy Scouts

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Rotarians of Wellington recently heard their president make a strong plea for financial aid to the Boy Scouts. He explained that the directors had determined, with the consent of the members, to send out a circular asking for 300 yearly subscriptions of one pound each. He thought that the one hundred members of the Rotary club would make a good beginning for this subscription list.

## Part Time School Established

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—Local Rotarians are establishing a part-time school for those children who must seek a living while their more fortunate comrades are in school. Bootblacks, mule drivers, and a host of little porters will have the chance to attend school for two hours a day. Elementary courses in reading, writing, arithmetic, civics, and some vocational education will be included in the curriculum.

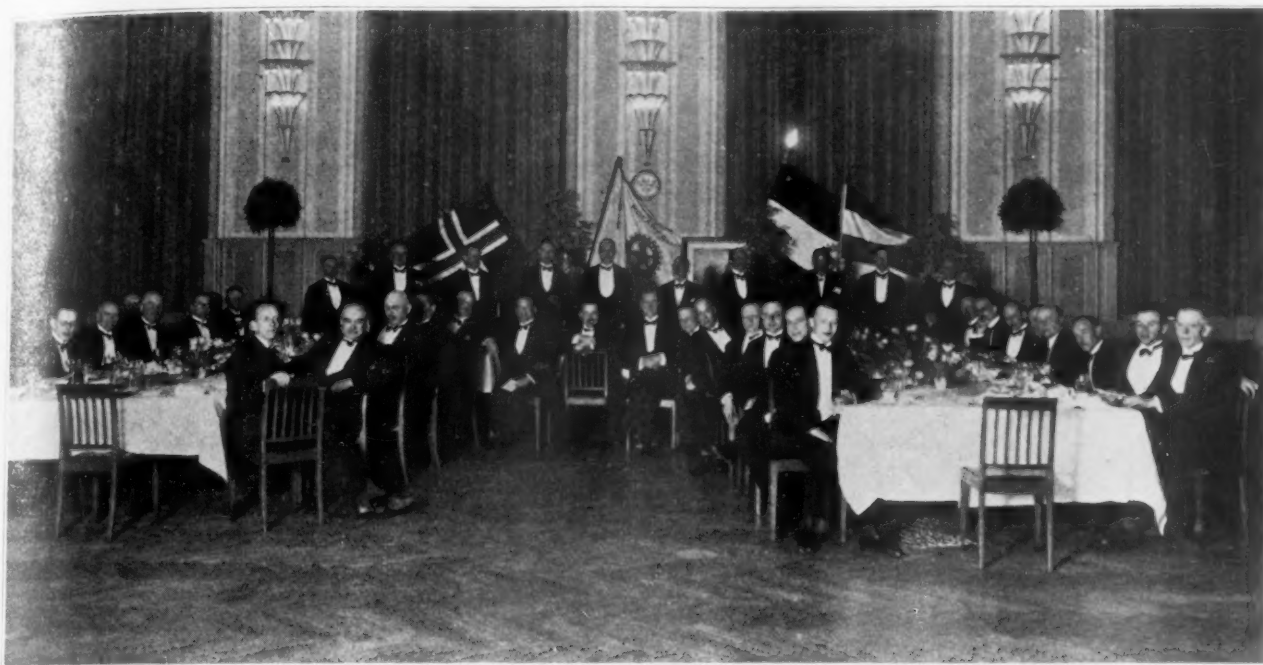
## Service Clubs Hear Of New England Building

BIDDEFORD, MAINE.—At a joint meeting of local Rotarians and Kiwanians the speaker of the evening was Captain Percy Redfern Creed, who was with Marshall Foch during the World War. After some reminiscences of service days he went on to speak of the New England building to be erected in Bos-



The Rotary Club of Tampico, Mexico, claims to have one of the most cosmopolitan memberships in Rotary International. As proof there is this picture showing nationals of eleven countries—all holding membership at Tampico. Their names (and birth places) are: Front row (left to right)—Dr. A. Cuarón, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, president, 1926-27; J. W. Bradbury, Bakewell, England, president, 1927-28; I. B. Sutton, Saginaw, Michigan, U. S. A., Third Vice-President of Rotary International; W. D. Rogers, Clinton, New York, U. S. A.; and H. H. Fleishman, Palestine, Texas, U. S. A. Standing (left to right)—Frank Lagler, Lucerne, Switzerland; E. Delsol, Valencia, Venezuela; Francisco Biaggi, Carrara, Italy; A. L. Luna, Leon, Spain; F. G. A. Krafft, Willemstad, Holland; Dr. F. E. Schoenhofer, Munich, Germany; Demetrio P. Cacoulides, Salonica, Greece; Diego C. Etienne, Tampico, Mexico; and Henry A. Lehr, Warsaw, Poland. Another member who should have been in this group is Eduardo Lopez, Havana, Cuba. The Tampico club has a total of 59 members.





At a meeting of the Rotary Club of Hamburg, Germany, on April 11th flags were presented on behalf of Rotary clubs in various European countries. There were present representatives of Finland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, England, Czechoslovakia, Norway, and Austria. Among the prominent Rotarians and guests were T. C. Thomsen, special commissioner of Rotary International; Dr. Wilhelm Cuno, of Hamburg; E. Berthod, president of Paris Rotary; Josef Schulz, governor of the Sixty-sixth Rotary District (Czechoslovakia); and Senator F. H. Witthoeft of Hamburg.

ton. This building will be half as high and twice as large as the Woolworth building in New York. It will serve to portray the scenic, historical, civic, recreational, financial, and industrial advantages of the six New England states. This is to be accomplished by a "Tour Through New England," an elaborate relief map laid out on two acres of floor space, and by 600 yards of mural painting. If the 250 New England towns co-operate to the degree expected it is expected that this exhibition building will attract 3,000 visitors a day.

#### **Hobby Fair Runs Overtime**

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. — When Nashville Rotary sponsored a boy's hobby fair to be held on the last two days of Boy's Week, no one had any idea how successful the plan would prove. The exhibits were placed in an uptown store which happened to be vacant temporarily. Hundreds of people came on the first morning, thousands came on Saturday and the popular demand was such that the fair was continued through Sunday. Many boys who did not enter this year are now planning their exhibits for next time.

#### **Movies For Crippled Children**

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.—The Omaha Rotarians have a fund, voluntarily started, which is to be used for the purchase of a \$200 motion-picture ma-

chine for the crippled children at the Hattie B. Munroe Home. The children appreciate movies, but it is difficult, of course, for them to get to the theatres, hence the plan to take the movies to the children.

#### **Boy Officials Exercise Authority**

SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA.—Probably the most active day in the local Boy's Week was the "Citizenship Day." Following an election of the previous day in which 600 votes were cast by those under twenty-one, "Citizenship Day" began with the three elected junior commissioners being the guests of the Rotarians. Then everybody went to the city hall, where the commissioners were installed and proceeded to appoint chief of police, fire chief, city clerk, etc. At this stage the fire alarm sounded and the newly appointed fire chief and firemen took out the truck and extinguished the blaze. Transgressors of the law were arrested by the police and regular trials were held. Young officials acquitted themselves with dignity—and much credit.

#### **Pet and Hobby Show Has Varied Exhibits**

ALAMOSA, COLORADO.—As part of its Boy's Week program, Alamosa Rotary sponsored a Pet and Hobby Show for boys and girls under fifteen. The exhibits ranged from fancy work and home-made candy to raccoons, chickens, forty dogs, and ten ponies. A Rotarian awarded a silver cup for the best dog

exhibited. There were four five dollar prizes and many ribbons. The show-rooms were packed with interested spectators.

The club also arranged for a track and field meet, induced city officials to have a track graded, induced doctors to give free physical examinations to entrants. All the cost of these two events, so far as the club treasury was concerned, was that of printing the ribbons. During the past year, Alamosa Rotary also paid for \$300 worth of instruments for the new high-school band.

#### **Wolf Cub Talks of Peace**

PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON.—Following the presentation of a peace play before the District Conference of Rotary—a play presented by some fifty Wolf Cubs, out stepped Leon Levy, freckled youngster, to talk to Rotarians about insurance:

"Boy's Work is really insurance, the most important kind of protection we have. I am sure you all carry insurance on your houses and buildings. This building, built by a fraternal order with the highest ideals, has been insured by them against financial loss in many ways, but what about the character loss? This building should stand for 100 years. What insurance steps have been provided for the next twenty, forty, or sixty years to perpetuate the human ideal for which this building was dedicated?"

Young Levy thought that Rotary's



Following an established custom the Rotarians of New York City presented an American flag to the Rotarians of Guatamala City—first group of Rotarians in that southern republic. The South Americans reciprocated by sending to New York City a stuffed quetzal—a bird whose beautiful plumage was once reserved for the adornment of the Maya chieftains. In the picture (left to right) are: Andrew Dykes, president, New York Rotary; Sr. Delfino Sanchez-Latour, consul-general of Guatamala, who made the presentation on behalf of his fellow-countrymen; James Carsons; Raymond J. Knoepfel, who received the bird on behalf of the New York club; and William R. Shepherd, professor of history at Columbia University

Photo: Metropolitan Photo Service, New York, N. Y.

Sixth Object might be greatly helped by proper instruction of boys of seven and up. Rotarians were thoughtful, went away impressed.

#### *Exhibit With 700 Entries*

BRIDLINGTON, ENGLAND.—Reports of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition held under the auspices of Bridlington Rotary, indicate that it was an outstanding success. The exhibition was open to boys and girls attending schools within twelve miles radius. There were between 700 and 800 entries.

#### *Boy and Girl Week Interests 20 Clubs*

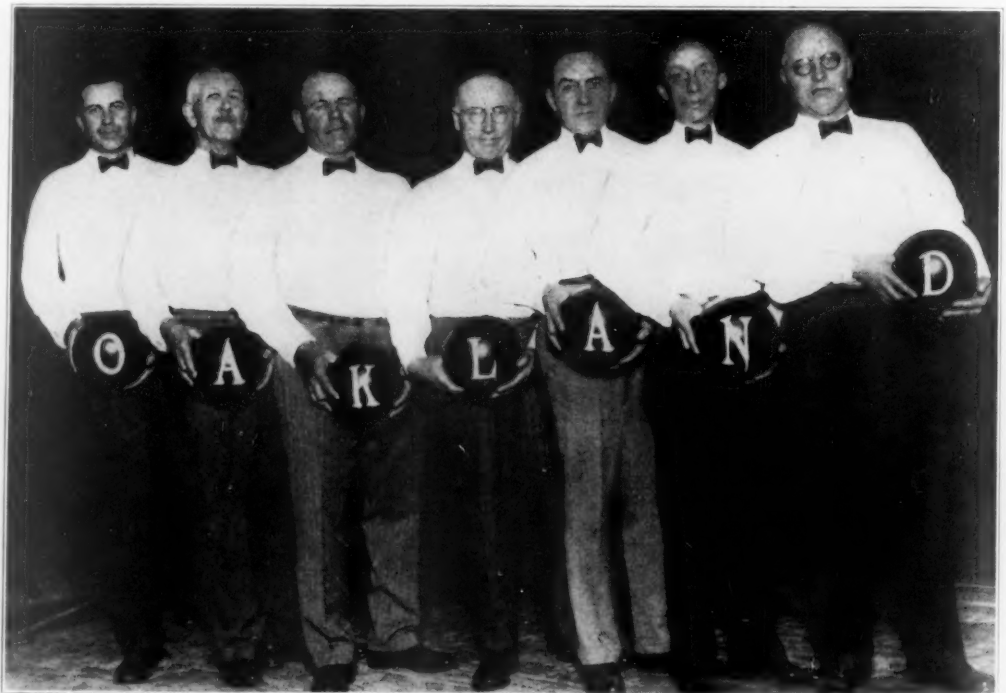
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.—The Rotarians of this city changed "Boy's Week into a Boy and Girl Week with the result that about twenty civic clubs and organizations interested in young people joined in the observance.

#### *Entertain 23 German Educators*

WINSTON - SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.—The organization, administration, and ideals of local public schools were explained to a party of twenty-three German educators at a dinner given by the Rotary club recently. The visitors

are touring the United States under the auspices of the Central Institute, Berlin, and the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University. Other Rotary guests on this occasion were prominent educators of the state, members of the local school board, aldermen, the mayor and Bishop Edward Rondthaler of the Moravian church. High-school students had a place in the program and the walls of the dining-room were given over to ex-

hibits prepared in the vocational, education, and art departments of local schools. Dr. Franz Hilker of Berlin, in making response on behalf of his colleagues, said: "You have faith in schools. You believe that education—the right sort of education—can do all for you. You bring life into school. There is sympathy between your pupils and your teachers. Your women have much influence in your schools. We have all been astonished at the kindness we have received everywhere."



Here are the bowlers of Oakland, California, who recently won the championship of the Rotary International Telegraphic Bowling Tournament—thus achieving their seventh victory in eight years. From left to right they are: Peter Della Vedova, who rolled the highest score in the three games, making 665—a record only beaten once in these tournaments; Frank Reed, the captain; Peter Knudsen; Carsten Schmidt; William Rudiger; Tony Dutro; and Archie Thomas. The Oakland team rolled a total of 2,975

# To the Leaders of Tomorrow—

GONE are the days when a man may reach success — and then sit back to “take it easy.”

Things move too rapidly for that today. Imagination sets the pace. Thinking is translated into action overnight. *Today is tomorrow in the making.*

And when business fails to prepare, ignorance takes its toll in terms of failure.

THE mortality tables of Dun and Bradstreet tell us that this is true. Forty per cent of 23,146 failures last year are charted as due to “inexperience” and “incompetence.”

“Ignorance” is a plainer, better word. Ignorance, with a capital “I.”

That failure list of 40 per cent went under because of inability to cope with, to intelligently meet, the constant change and competition that is today everywhere evident on the business battle front of a thousand industries.

To maintain his success, the suc-

cessful man must constantly *keep in touch*. He must keep his mental finger upon the active pulse of a growing, changing world.

It is for the man who realizes this that NATION'S BUSINESS is published by the United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington, D. C. Today, 271,000 business men are reading and using this man's magazine every month.

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## NATION'S BUSINESS



MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

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Washington, D. C.

I'd like to examine Nation's Business.

You may send me the July number of the magazine on approval, at no cost or obligation to me. If I decide I want it, I'll send you \$7.50 for the three-year term enrollment. If I decide I don't want it, I'll notify you to cancel the enrollment, and there will be no charge.

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# Soon Enough!

By Isla Paschal Richardson

**M**Y spool of pink silk thread could not be found. A fruitless search had consumed some few minutes of a busy morning. At last I put up my sewing and went out to gather some flowers for the table. On my way to the garden my feet became entangled in a long slender thread attached to a hydrant in the back yard. Further investigation revealed that this was the parking place of a weary June-bug and the slender thread attached to his left hind leg was none other than the lost pink silk. The empty spool lay where it had been hurriedly discarded. Each freshly caught bug deserved a new tether it seemed, and as the yard was then full of neighboring children who, with mine, were at that moment engaged in the fascinating pastime of capturing glistening green and gold bugs that buzzed over the flowers and grass, it was not difficult to guess in what manner the pink silk thread had been utilized.

I thankfully record that I smiled over this. It is true that later I explained the difference between pink silk thread and white cotton, but I did not probe into reasons why the choice was made in favor of the pink silk when six spools of white cotton lay undisturbed in my work basket. Then and there a spool was donated to be devoted to the use of harnessing June-bugs!

"Soon enough!" So often those two words have come to me spoken years ago by a very wise woman. I had stopped by her house for a moment to return a book, and found myself gingerly stepping over playhouses made of books standing on their sides in rows. These formed rooms for numberless paper-dolls. Magazines and blunt-edged scissors lay surrounded by scraps of paper. Perhaps something in my manner (I was but a young girl then) betrayed the half-formed thought that if they were *my* children I would not have them littering up the floor like that.

"Perhaps I should apologize for the room," she smiled, "but I'm not going to. Soon enough the paper-doll age is past and they are off to school. I don't mind this clutter a bit, it represents happy and contented play. Soon enough they will seek entertainment elsewhere."

Soon enough the babyhood passes with its dimples and coos and the soft little pat of pink hands against our faces. Soon enough other problems face us more complicated than paper-doll houses and lost spools of thread.

Too many parents expect to continue the routine of their lives just as it was before the children came. Mother expects the tooth-paste to be always put back in the cabinet where it belongs, *with the top screwed back on!* She expects the wash-cloths to be rinsed out, wrung, and hung nicely on the rack as she would do herself, instead of being left in a tight, little, wet, soapy wad on the edge of the bathtub.

She expects the closet door to stay shut in her small daughter's room, but day after day it stands open, widely displaying its none too orderly contents, all in plain view of the living-room door. And she expects this little daughter to keep her own belongings in her own room. "When Mary has a room to herself, she will keep her things orderly, I know," she said hopefully. But Mary has had a room of her own for six months, yet truant stockings and shoes, hats and tennis rackets just will find their way to Mother's room, where they are forsaken and forgotten.

**F**ATHER asks nothing better than to sit unmolested on the shady porch Sunday afternoon and "memorize the old paper," as his small son puts it. Yet this manner of spending a perfectly good Sunday afternoon doesn't exactly appeal to growing active boys and girls.

"Let's drive out to the dam, Dad. They've nearly got it finished. They say it's so you can walk all around—"

"Let's take picnic supper and go to the lake, Dad. It's not going to rain. Come on, let's do!"

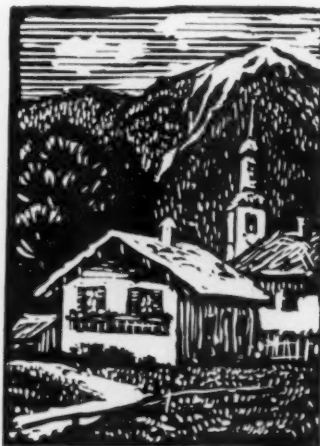
We might as well accept the fact and accept it smilingly, that the house is not going to look as orderly with children living in it as it did before they came. Sunday afternoons can't be read and dozed away as they used to be. And who would want them to be? Soon enough that paper will not seem half so attractive to Dad when he has all the long and silent Sunday afternoon to read it in and to wonder if John really likes it at college or not. Somehow that last letter sounded a trifle homesick!

Soon enough the house will remain in immaculate and disconsolate order. The closet door in daughter's room drearily stands closed day after day, and Mother puts a fresh *boudoir* pillow on Mary's ivory bed and wonders if she has enough cover these cold nights at college.

Childhood is fleeting. So are its joys and opportunities. The small sacrifices we make of a few discomforts, going to a few places when we prefer to stay at home, staying at home when we prefer to go, the adjusting of our grown-up tastes and habits to the bubbling, restless, energetic desires of childhood, are more than repaid in the constantly ripening affection, the cementing of that bond of understanding and love that will last throughout the days when John and Mary have left the nest.

And so we close the closet door for the sixth time since breakfast, and hang up the fallen night-gown inside, while we smile tenderly at the little-girl dresses hanging there that will so soon be replaced by the party frocks and sport togs of a young lady.

And father puts down his paper. Not much in it anyway today. "How about a run out to Cumberland Springs this afternoon? Couldn't we fix up a few sandwiches, Mother?" The squeals of delight that greet this remark have placed the paper in the back-ground even to Dad. "Soon enough," he smiles on his way to the garage.



## Talking It Over

(Continued from page 37)

club's adoption of the aims and objects committee plan.

Any outstanding accomplishments during the year deserve special mention and above all the club's esprit de corps may be strengthened by pertinent references to increased Rotary enthusiasm resulting from distinct Rotary programs in accordance with the International President's injunction to take Rotary seriously.

The report should not close without helpful suggestions for the succeeding administration. Although our sins of omission may be even better known by our club members than by ourselves, yet one who has caught the vision of an increasing power for good in Rotary can not relinquish his leadership to his successor without giving him and the club all of the kindly advice and enthusiastic hopefulness which he in his year's service has acquired.

### A Vocational Service Survey

By J. Halliday Cline

It is taken for granted that the following premise is accepted by the reader; that Rotary International, the district body, and the individual club as an organization, has as one of its important purposes, the dissemination of the Rotary philosophy of life. This philosophy is set forth in the six objects of Rotary and finally that the sixth object reflects and includes the other five. Further that this philosophy of life would be of no value, in this treatise, *except* that it be exemplified in activity in vocational and professional life.

Every worth-while undertaking of moment, is worthy of a careful analysis as to conditions and objectives. In accordance, therewith, International Rotary, through its Vocational Service Committee, has outlined a program to be handed down through the district governor to the club executives and reinforced by direct contact of the International Vocational Service Committee with the corresponding committee in the club. Through this latter source each club Vocational Service Committee is recommended to make a survey. An outline is furnished and recommendations made as to how the committee shall proceed. It furnishes a sample of the questionnaire for the survey. This past year, a short form was suggested for clubs which could not be induced to make the regular survey. I am eliminating any consideration of this short form on the grounds that the results reflected in program making, in every case coming under my observation, have been very ephemeral.

From this point in the work, the club

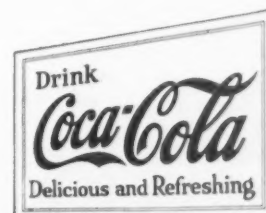
committees have been placed upon their own resources as to the method of conducting the survey except as to general suggestions. Fundamentally among these is that the survey shall be "impersonal." That is, that the identity of the person answering the questions shall not be known, that each member of the club shall be given a number. This number shall have a key list giving the name and address of the individual Rotarians; that this key list shall be placed in the hands of some one person not a member of the club or of any other club of the city. The most satisfactory arrangement, possibly, would be that the list be placed in

the hands of a secretary or stenographer of some member of the committee.

At this point, I would prefer that my own identity be lost and that I may refer to the balance of this subject as though reviewing the work of my own club's Vocational Service Committee for whatever help it may be to other committees.

After preparing and having questionnaires printed on white paper which would lend itself to mailing, it occurred to the committee that these paper questionnaires would be very inadequate for any filing purpose. Therefore, while this matter was in type, we had 5x8 cards printed, which is the same size

From 8 drinks  
a day in 1886 to  
8 million a day  
in 1928



Because the wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola makes a little minute long enough for a big rest~

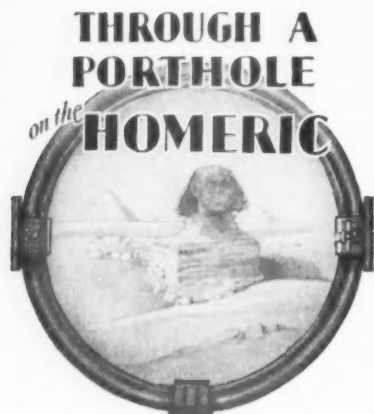
1886..	8 a day
1891..	7 thousand a day
1896..	40 thousand a day
1901..	165 thousand a day
1906..	740 thousand a day
1911..	1 3/4 million a day
1916..	3 1/2 million a day
1921..	5 1/2 million a day
1923..	6 million a day
1925..	7 million a day
1927..	8 million a day

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.



8 million  
a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



EGYPT! Immortal! Her symbol, the Sphinx, who bids you look at Cheops whose age is beyond imagination . . . to see in the museums of Gizeh faces of kings who flourished over 3,000 years ago . . . to go up the Nile to Karnak, where for 30 centuries have stood the carved walls built by King Thothmes III . . . to "Hundred-Gated Thebes" which looks across at the colonnades of Luxor Temple . . . things seen on the

## MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE: SUPREME

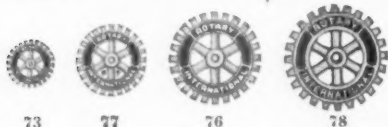
on the specially chartered HOMERIC, "The Ship of Splendor", sailing from New York, January 26th next . . . a peerless itinerary . . . one of the world's leading, most modern, most luxurious steamers . . . the largest ship sailing to the Mediterranean.

Let us send you full particulars

## THOS. COOK & SON

New York Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis  
San Francisco Los Angeles Portland, Ore. Toronto Montreal Vancouver

### New Clubs of Rotary The Official Emblems!



Four sizes, made in Green Gold and White Gold, Solid and Gold Front. Diamonds set in center. Any size desired.

Order Today Thru Club  
Jeweler or Sec'y

**The Miller Jewelry Co.**  
Cincinnati, O.

### MOHEGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Conducted by the Alumni of the School. Founded 1867, and operated ever since on the Rotary principle of Service. This School you Rotarians have been looking for, for boys from ten to eighteen to be prepared for college and life.

Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, President  
H. Field Horne, Secretary-Treasurer  
For information address—HEADMASTER  
Box 11. Mohegan Lake, New York



as the questionnaire, and an exact duplicate of same, in four different colors representing employees, buying, selling and competitors relation. This survey was begun January 1, 1927, when the above-mentioned divisions were in vogue. The newer questionnaires combine buying and selling and result in the following four divisions: Employees, Buying and Selling, Competitive Relations, and trade associations. When the mailing questionnaires were returned properly corrected, interpreted, and finally approved by the committee, they were typed on the cards for use in a card-filing system. It is perfectly evident that by each Rotarian retaining his number he has the ability to express himself to the committee at any future time and on any subject, impersonally. Likewise, the committee can add to his survey report, whatever information of any nature he wishes to add in the future. This makes, what in business, we call a perpetual survey. Whether this feature is used or not depends upon the activity of the club in this work, but does not in any regard lessen the usefulness of the basic survey and gives possibility of greater development.

THE committee was confronted with the problem of boiling down this tremendous volume of individually expressed information into a systematic generalization of the matter. From this point we felt that the trail was unblazed. In order to codify and total this information under various heads and subheads, we developed a series of forms for that purpose.

A receiving sheet for each of the divisions was necessary in order that the answers could be listed together and a totalling of them be made possible. Following this, a summary of the totals should be made that covers a numerical and percentage relation of the answers Yes and No, the relation of the number of Rotarians answering, to the total number of members, etc. Finally, the problems of conduct represented by the last two questions on each card: "Do you know of any bad practice in your craft" and "Can you suggest a remedy?" It became necessary to list these practices under as many general heads as possible. This summary was likewise made upon a form prepared for that purpose.

In order to have this information quickly available, it became necessary to look about for some method of filing that would adequately take care of the situation. This was accomplished through a Rotarian representative in our club who is in that line of business. The 5x8 questionnaire cards are perfectly adaptable to the filing systems. A sheet 8½x11 is also adaptable to all letter-filing systems, so that the receiv-

ing sheets, summary and problem of conduct or ethics, are all made on paper of this size, hinged together with tape so that when not in use they are in their place in the file.

The committee, after having arrived at this point, felt in concluding the survey that local conditions and interest were thoroughly taken care of. However, they realized that a broader field of information existed in the experience of other Rotary clubs, as reported by the International Committee, together with the experience of others working along the same line of endeavor we are pursuing, afforded a vast field of important information. From this source comes articles in magazines, pamphlets and letters of great value. Another source is from books such as "Problems of Conduct" by Durant Drake, "Fundamentals of Ethics" by Everett W. Lord, and "Codes of Ethics" by Edgar Heermance, the latter a Rotarian of New Haven, Connecticut. Without detail, it is the present work of the committee to index and reference these various articles in our file. Our magazine, THE ROTARIAN is the most valuable and important of all sources of information. We are making an index in the file of subjects relating to Vocational Service, with numerical references as to volume, month, and page, under group heading, from bound volumes of THE ROTARIAN.

The benefits of the survey are far-reaching: first of importance is the fact that the Vocational Service Committee and its chairman must of necessity study the outline given by International Rotary; must fully comprehend its scope; and in so doing will advance wonderfully in Rotary. Secondly; the members of the club are compelled to rise above the inertia that usually surrounds vocational-service subjects, introspect their business and craft relations, making a firmer foundation and more receptive state of mind for the future work of the committee.

The third benefit is, with this information available to every Rotarian of the club, any craft member with reasonable intelligence, should be able to discuss his craft problems and take part in vocational-service programs. In advancing his knowledge, enlisting his cooperation and building up his enthusiasm, the Vocational Service Committee will have accomplished a worthwhile service.

We feel, in conclusion, that in many cases the work and effort of one committee is lost when the personnel changes. It is our desire to so systematize the information and records of our experiences, that those succeeding us will be able to continue their work, from a point a few steps higher than that at which ours started.



# Super-Salesmanship as a Civilizer

(Continued from page 31)

provide education on the uses of new commodities and on new uses for old commodities at a tiny fraction of the cost of traveling representatives, solved the problem; although we are now facing the fact that keen competition has created a somewhat saturated solution!

Eminent economists to the contrary notwithstanding, the truth is that we have overset the old economic adage here in the United States, where our conditions of swift continental development have forced the sources of supply actually to create demand, instead of accepting the dictum of Mills and other economists.

It was the old episode of Mahomet and the mountain over again: demand wouldn't come to supply, at least it wouldn't come quickly enough and in sufficient quantity to keep the sources even reasonably busy, and so supply went to demand.

Of course, in the academic sense, demand still creates supply, but the importance of that adage as an economic factor has been completely overturned by the discovery that the sources of supply can create demand so surely that they can and do confidently create the supply before the demand exists at all.

Old adages die hard, however, and there is still, in the brains of professors and proletarians alike, a vestigial remnant of the idea that supply should wait decorously and silently until demand condescends to call upon it.

Suppose we had accorded with that viewpoint? What effect, if any, would it have had upon the development of a unique civilization?

The most striking things about present-day American civilization are: (1) Our mass-production; and (2) our standards of living. Both are dependent upon supersalesmanship.

Without mass-distribution through mass-selling, then mass-production on the inevitable modern basis of free and unrestricted competition soon becomes economically impossible.

Without super-salesmanship to create divine discontent . . . the American farmer and common laborer would not now be driving in automobiles and bathing in porcelain tubs.

It may be said that emulation . . . "keeping up with the Joneses" . . . has had a lot to do with elevating the

common standards of living; but *what* got the Joneses started? Super-salesmanship!

Super-salesmanship goes to the emigrant peasant whose forefathers in Europe for a thousand years had lived a life of hardship, managing a bare existence; and, within a few years, that peasant has abandoned his primary impulse to live as he used to live and to save every cent for an early return to his country, and has established for himself standards of living which accord with those of his longer-naturalized neighbors.

It is an interesting and undeniable fact of psychology that human-beings in the mass will never do more than they must to get what they need.

If their needs are small, what they do will be of small value; but as their needs become greater, what they do must also become of greater value, if they are to receive for it the means to get what they need.

Thus, whatever tends to elevate or to increase the need of man tends also to increase his productiveness; and never in the history of civilizations has there been any other method of elevating and increasing needs that could compare with super-salesmanship.

IT may be said by some that it was the great natural wealth of the United States, rather than its super-salesmanship, that was responsible for the present high common standards of living that we find existing only one hundred and fifty-three years from the founding of the Republic; but the natural resources of China, of India, and of Russia are no less potential, but have not served to establish such standards in ten or more times as many centuries.

The sole function of super-salesmanship (as distinct from that miscalled kind of "salesmanship" which merely accepts and fills the orders of already existent demand) is to *create wants*.

It does not wait until people want a thing before the manufacture of that thing is conceived, but it deliberately conceives what people would be likely to want if it were available, proceeds to make it available, and to explain to great masses of people precisely why they should want that thing.

The system is subject to abuse, of course, as are all humanly conceived

and operated systems. Sometimes useless things are sold by fraudulent claims, and often useful things are sold to those who cannot use them; but the system itself must be judged by what it has done to and for the American people as a whole over a long period, and not only by its abuses.

Shall we wipe out the theory of representative government because of its abuses?

Shall we discard all our coal-burning engines because less than 5 per cent of the coal in the mine is converted into power in the engine?

Shall we prohibit super-salesmanship in all its forms because some people prefer to buy only what they need, and believe that they really *knew* what they needed before some insidious form of super-salesmanship had planted the need in their minds?

Shall we wipe out super-salesmanship because there are too many advertisements in our periodicals, among the stories and illustrations which the revenue from those advertisements make possible?

Shall we wipe out super-salesmanship because it seems to defy the academic dogma about supply waiting patiently upon demand?

Shall we wipe out super-salesmanship as a salient factor in our amazing national prosperity because Mrs. Smith is called from the electric washing-machine sold her by one super-salesman to answer the call of another super-salesman who wants her to know what an electric-ironer would do for her, or who wants her to pipe into her home all the art and oratory of the great metropolitan centers by investing a hundred dollars (a little down) in a radio-set?

Or shall we wipe out super-salesmanship because Mr. Babbitt has his feet on his desk when a super-salesman comes to tell him about a new and better way to market his sub-divisions, and because it irritates him to have to listen?

If the little annoyances and irregularities of a force which has done as much as any other force to make America what it is today, constitute good reasons for prohibiting the use of that force; then, by all means, let us recognize that even the best-scrubbed infant remains slightly soiled by the soap-suds, and let us fearlessly "empty out the baby with the bathwater!"

# Lost Ships of the Air

(Continued from page 29)

Persistent reports from the wilder parts of Quebec, toward which they were heading, have yielded no trace to search parties on land and in the air. Ships of the sea have found no wreckage. Unless the remains of plane and airmen are found in some inaccessible spot, or a water-soaked part comes floating in, the mystery of their fate will be forever unsolved.

When Captain Hamilton, Colonel Minchin, and their woman passenger Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim hopped off from England, the weather was good. Their powerful Fokker engine should have taken them across the broad Atlantic to Canada. Not the slightest clue has been found to indicate what happened *en route*. They simply vanished.

**E**XACTLY the same thing occurred early last September, when the Sir John Carling left Canada, in fog and rain, heading for England. She carried no radio, and the final fate of genial Captain Tully and Lieutenant James Medcalf is another mystery of the silent sea.

Only the day before, the great monoplane "Old Glory" lifted into the mists of Maine and headed for Rome. Pilots Hill and Bertaud were expert navigators; passenger Philip A. Payne, newspaper editor, had leaped into the cockpit just before she roared down the soggy field. Nothing was heard for fourteen hours, although she carried a radio.

Then came the sudden S O S! S O S! S O S! Radio operators on five vessels caught the signal of distress and turned their prows in the direction from which they came. A few minutes later came the final call: "WRHP—Five hours out of Newfoundland, East."

No more puzzling message has ever come into a ship's radio room. A vessel in distress is expected to give her position, that aid may be speeded. The searching vessels found no trace. Radio stations all over the world kept open throughout the night, but no further calls came. It was days later before a special searching ship found the widening patch of oil and the wing-section which told the story of the end. But why did "Old Glory" plunge into the sea with such terrific speed as to wreck the ship?

Two days before Christmas the Atlantic claimed its last sacrifice of the year to the progress of aviation. Two hours after "The Dawn" had left New York the crew of the British schooner Rose Anne Belliveau, eighteen miles off

Nauset Beach, were startled by the roar of a plane close by. A strong wind had set in. Louis Thibodeau, chief mate, was standing watch with the man at the wheel.

"I could not make it out at first," he related. "I turned to the wheelman, who was looking about amazed as if something had struck him. I went down below and called Captain Comeau. He came up on deck, as did the cook and three seamen. The sound of the motor was still heard and then came the splash, and after at least five minutes the sound died out and no more was heard."

The seas were too rough for a rescue, sleet was falling, and it was dark. If it was "The Dawn" that had plunged into the waters of Cape Cod Bay, she must have quickly gone to the bottom. Yet there are numerous reports of radio signals and motor hum as late as two days later and far to the northward. "The Dawn" was able to ride the waves, and had twin motors of the same Wright Whirlwind make that had carried Lindbergh and Byrd across. She may even have landed and taken off again, only to meet final disaster around Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, where several reported hearing the motor.

But destroyers, Coast Guard vessels, planes, land parties, finally the dirigible Los Angeles, all failed to find a single trace. "The Dawn" joined the growing list of vanished airships, leaving a more baffling trail than any, perhaps, for she was flying almost in sight of land and was the best equipped of any to signal and to land on water. We shall probably never know how the air, perhaps in league with the sea, won the final hand in this perilous game of flying over the seas.

When Paul Redfern hopped off from Brunswick, Georgia, for Brazil, he was equipped to land on the water, also to live for months in the jungle if necessary. That was in August, 1927. If he reached the coast of Venezuela, as his five notes dropped on the deck of a vessel seems to prove, his smashed plane may be somewhere in the jungles of the southland. Several claim to have seen a plane over the Orinoco River, but in one case it was *five days* after he left. It could not have been Redfern—unless he landed on the water and took off again. A youth of but 25, he pitted his plane, knowledge, and endurance against the elements—and lost. His fate will probably never be known.

The Brazilian coast had already claimed another pair of courageous air-

men, when Captain Saint-Romain and Commander Mouneyres headed from the tip of West Africa for a non-stop flight to Brazil. They never arrived.

Nor did the Pacific fail to take its toll. Six men and one woman, Miss Mildred Doran, went down before reaching the haven of Hawaii toward which they were heading—for fame and a \$25,000 prize. The last two lives were lost when the "Dallas Spirit" set forth in a vain search for the two planes previously lost. Somewhere in the vast expanse of waters between San Francisco and Hawaii, 2,100 miles apart, these three planes and their occupants lie on the deep ocean bottom, undisturbed by the storms and strife far above them.

In every one of these strange disappearances, inexplicable as the cause of their final plunge may be, it is evident that stormy seas, or perhaps dense woods, were the final resting place. But there are recent disasters, just as mysterious as to cause, when airplanes were flying in calm skies, over safe landing places, with smooth-running engines which never missed a beat!

**O**N July 11, 1927, for example, a Canadian aerial surveying machine was observed flying near Lake Manitoba. Such machines rarely have trouble, for they are taken up only in perfect weather, and no expense is spared to keep them in the best of condition. Some surveying companies have never had an accident. Government airmen are exceptionally cautious.

This plane was seen to enter a cloud-bank, and was lost to sight for some minutes. Then through rifts in the clouds it was seen to be twisting and wobbling in a strange manner. Suddenly the watchers were horrified to see three bodies pitch into the air and plunge headlong to the earth, followed by the plane. The pilot and engineers had been securely strapped into their seats. Their lips were forever sealed, and the plane was wrecked beyond repair. So we shall never know the cause of one of the strangest disasters in the history of aviation.

Even more mysterious is the fate of Count de Lesseps and his aide, also Canadian surveyors. On October 18, 1927, they set forth for a brief flight of 75 miles over the eastern part of Quebec Province. The weather was good, although somewhat foggy later. They expected to be aloft only an hour. Yet they vanished completely.

The wreckage of their plane, it is true, was found three days later, in the St. Lawrence River five miles be-

low the village of Matane. A farmer on his way home saw the cockpit washed up on the shore. With the aid of neighbors and a team of horses they dragged it out of the water. Most of the motor and other parts had disappeared, while the barograph had stopped at 4:01 P. M., three hours after the fatal start. Later a section of the wing was found, and the aileron.

But strangely enough, the flyers themselves were missing. A watch was found in the cockpit, with a pair of aviator's stockings. Sextant and joystick were properly placed. But the straps with which the flyers had held themselves in their seats were loosened. They had left the plane—but where did they go? Their bodies have never been found on land, nor have they risen to the surface of the river. The cause of the sudden plunge, so swift that it completely smashed the plane, and the final fate of the airmen remains an unsolvable mystery.

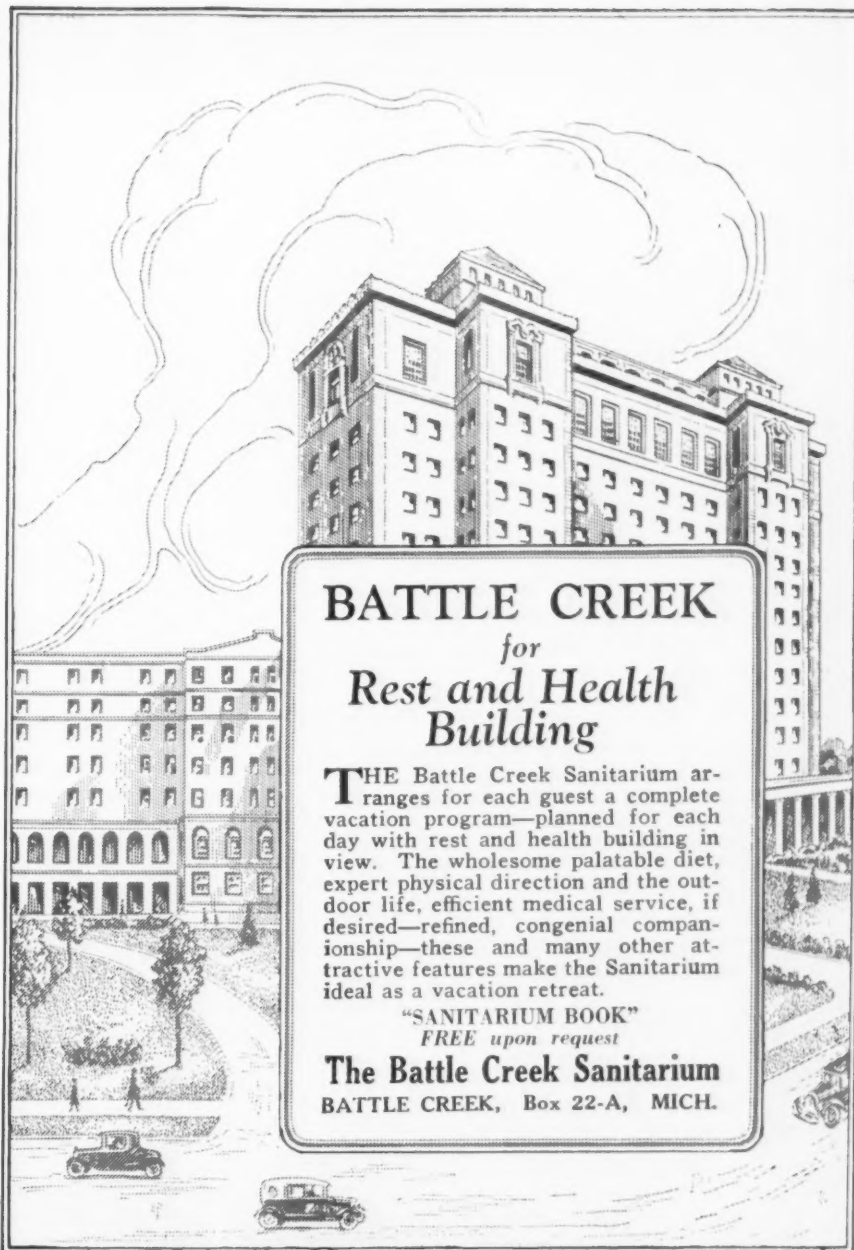
**WEIRD** as are these unexplainable tragedies of aerial navigation, they are surpassed by an almost incredible yet authentic event of the Great War. The story of the Derelict Plane of the Royal Flying Corps, guided by a lifeless pilot, is unexampled in aerial history.

The plane carried two Australians, the pilot and an observer. Attacked by Germans, who sprayed them with machine-gun bullets, they made their escape from the out-numbering foe and hummed away.

An hour later the same plane landed safely in a field close to an allied hospital, some fifty miles from the place where the air-battle took place. The airmen were found still strapped in their seats—but both were cold and lifeless!

"An immediate post-mortem examination," says Floyd Gibbons, who reports the strange affair, "proved that both of them had been dead for an hour. An armor-piercing bullet had passed through the observer's left lung from behind and then into the base of the pilot's skull, killing him instantly. The gas tanks were found to be intact and empty. The doctors and air experts, from a study of all the facts, established that the Australians were killed instantly in their combat, and that the plane had flown on with fixed controls until the gasoline gave out."

On May 25, 1928, the world was startled by the fact that all communications had ceased with the dirigible "Italia" on its return from its voyage over the North Pole. For two weeks there was suspense. Then garbled and indecipherable radio messages were picked up here and there by amateur operators and by



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the Citta di Milano, base ship, presumably coming from the lost dirigible. Later these were positively identified when Giuseppe Biagi, radio man on the dirigible, communicated his individual identification number at the end of a message to the base ship. Because of the weakness of the messages no details had been received other than the approximate position of the Italia in the region just off Cape Leigh Smith, North East Land. Relief parties crossing West Spitzbergen and Hinlopen Strait were making efforts to reach the lost men and aeroplane expeditions were being planned although trained aviators realized the improbability of a successful landing on the polar ice packs, although food and other supplies could be dropped without much difficulty.

There were eighteen men on the Italia when she left Kings Bay for the North Pole. Several dogs, including Titina, the little terrier mascot which flew with the Norge across the Pole in 1926, were also aboard. Seven of the crew of eighteen were with Amundsen in the 1926 dirigible venture.

Such was the approximate situation

on June 10, 1928, when rescue work was going forward with the utmost expediency in the face of handicaps well nigh insurmountable.

In future years there will be many willing to risk their lives to blaze new trails over land and sea, across desert and jungle and mountain range. Why do men run the gauntlet of hazards which even the improved machines of today still involve?

"They do it because they know that some day it will be done," says Commander Byrd, who is in a position to know. "Man cannot withstand the lure of the almost impossible. He longs to push back further and further the limitations of his activity, of his life. Call it adventure if you will. I like to call it the unconquerable spirit of man's soul which will not admit defeat."

Machines and air navigation improve from year to year. But no doubt the future will still have its mysterious occurrences. Men will set forth in the air and vanish from the sight of man. Air and sea, land and forest, will take their toll of those who seek to conquer. But man will never admit defeat!

## The Glory of Rotary

(Continued from page 9)

est extent possible. Three achievements in his own life he had inscribed upon his own tomb, namely:

"Author of the Declaration of Independence,

Author of the Statutes of Religious Liberty in Virginia,

Father of the University of Virginia."

This man who believed so fully in the common man believed also that the common man ought to be educated and improved to the greatest extent possible. So also does Rotary. The organization that believes in the average boy or girl believes equally strongly that the average boy or girl is entitled to an education and hence ought to be edu-

cated. Hence, our back-to-school movements. Hence, our educational scholarships. Hence, our work for boys.

Let the Menckens and the Lewises and the others have whatever consolation may come to them from the contemplation of their own superior intelligence and their own incomparable virtues. Let the glory of Rotary continue to be that it believes in the average man of today and undertakes to help him make the best of himself. In so doing, Rotary will continue to forfeit the esteem of the self-selected super-men of today, but will continue to merit the approval of Him of whom it was said that "The common people heard Him gladly."

## Service for Country

(Continued from page 17)

may draw deductions from the performances of one's seniors, the secret of Dad's success is summed up by "transparent honesty." We can always admire the man who tackles first things first—and tackles them alone if need be. But one might do all that and still be a menace to society. However, when in such efforts there is apparent a behavior that is its own best press agent—then one is likely to be convinced.

Men move like armies. There are the few keen-witted scouts out on the edge of things. Then comes the great majority—willing to try the paths already blazed. Lastly, there are the camp followers who do most to hinder progress by living off the country and as one has so aptly put it, "paying no rent for the space they occupy."

Now, nearly eighty, "Dad" Freston is a scout!

## Sceptre or Chains?

(Continued from page 11)

ern life and industry, cannot so easily be discarded. Many thoughtful people really fear that mechanism will become the mistress of Western civilization. Mass production, machine productivity, the minute division of labor, the standardization of material, the emphasis upon quantity rather than quality, will ultimately reduce life to a cold, colorless, drab, monotony in which the creative joy of life and the spontaneity of human personality are destined to disappear. The mechanical tool unless guided by a social conscience, carries with it the seeds of its own undoing, and may prove self-destructive and self-annihilating. Has modern civilization created a "Frankenstein" which sooner or later will rebound, if not rebel? It is too late to verify Aristotle's definition that "a slave is a tool with life and a tool is a slave without life." Man must remain the master; the machine, the slave. The machine was made for man, not man for the machine.

LET us look at some of the fears in the realm of religion and philosophy.

Do men want the truth? The temptation is to answer this in the affirmative; the negative, however, is nearer to the fact. Professor Proteat in an interesting book, "Can a Man Be a Christian Today?" says the deepest of all infidelity, because it comprehends all other forms, is a fear of the truth." The truth isn't "the same yesterday, today, and forever." It is not static but dynamic, and therefore elusive, and because elusive, eternal vigilance is the price of its quest. It is not "ready-made" and final but "in the making." When a man says, "I have the truth," he is merely confessing that, at that very moment, he lost it. The human mind is so constituted that it believes what is pleasant and tends to forget what is unpleasant. The whole psychology of "rationalization" is full of illustrations of fears to face realities. Lowell once said that "truth is said to be at the bottom of a well, for the reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her, sees his own image and imagines that he is seeing the truth, and therefore explains, 'how fair is the truth.'" Only by facing the truth that hurts can one arrive at the truth that helps.

The famous, or rather the infamous, "monkey business"—the Dayton trial, served as a splendid example of the religious and philosophic fears of our day. Protestantism began with the right of the individual to interpret, evaluate, appraise, and appreciate Scripture. Large masses of Protestants, who know little or nothing about

evolution, were in sympathy with this recrudescence of mediaevalism, not because they felt evolution was untrue, but because they feared that it was true and would call for an adjustment in their thinking. Their attitude was contrary to the principles that gave them birth; they turned their backs upon the inherent genius of their movement.

The most paradoxical of all the philosophical and religious fears is the *fear of ideals*. For four thousand and more years have the loftier spirits of the world cherished as ideals, peace, good-will, cooperation, faith, confidence, brotherhood and humanity. The Golden Rule is found among all the peoples of the earth. Confucius enunciated it twenty-four hundred years ago. In practice, however, we have faith not in ideals but in the law of the jungle—force, weapons and bloodshed. Woodrow Wilson was hailed as a prophet for bringing "a new truth" into the world when he emphasized the famous "fourteen points." In reality he applied the principles, "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet; and thou shalt not bear false witness" to nations as well as to individuals. Not even the application was new.

A few months before the world war, David Lloyd-George named a hundred million dollars as the sum that would alleviate poverty, eliminate the slums, ameliorate the suffering, and coordinate much of the maladjustment of England, and advocated this investment in true humanity. The newspapers of the country in one accord called him "a dreamer," "an idealist," "a Utopian fanatic"—one who would bankrupt the British Empire. Of course it wasn't done. A few months later, however, the British Empire spent that amount of money not once and for all, but every week for fifty-two weeks a year, for four and one-half years—not to alleviate poverty, not to do away with maladjustment, not to abolish crime, not to eliminate the slums, but for purposes of war. Our faith in ideals is altogether hypocritical. We really fear ideals, fear to live them, fear to try them, fear they won't work. What a sad commentary on our ideals that we are willing to spend a thousand times as much to make war on earth as we are to make peace on earth!

International anarchy today reigns supreme. The law of nations is lawlessness. There is no international law to prevent nations from war. Most of our international law, so called, forms the rules for the game of war. It is like the "Code Duello" which did not

prevent the duel but gave the rules of fighting a duel. Fear among nations breeds suspicion; suspicion generates hatred; hatred creates war. Time was when polygamy was considered right but the moral conscience of mankind outlawed polygamy. Time was when slavery was considered right and slavery, too, has been outlawed. Time was when dueling was deemed proper, and dueling has been outlawed. Time was when piracy was in vogue, but piracy has been outlawed. When Sir Francis Drake returned from being a pirate on the high seas, he was knighted and sent to parliament. If that happened today he would be sent not to parliament, but placed in prison. In like manner the time will come, and some of us see light in the Levinson—Borah—Kellogg—Briand—outlawry of war treaties, and hope that these will bring about the realization of a prophetic vision of the time when "war will be no more." A little more faith and a little less fear among individuals and nations are needed. Let Rotarians help in supplying the needed faith and in removing fear by a stronger emphasis on the importance of friendly understanding.

THEN finally there are the so-called political fears.

The United States entered the war to make "the world safe for democracy" and today we fear to put this democracy into practice. There is in America a wide-spread fear—some of it conscious, and some of it unconscious—for the future of democracy. A dozen or more treatises, all of them thought-provoking, have made their appearance. President Cutten of Colgate University has shown that American democracy has developed but one talent, that of avoiding and evading responsibilities—the essence of democracy itself. Henry Addams, in his volume "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" feels that democracy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Viscount Bryce in "Modern Democracies" doubts America's right to call herself a democracy. Emile Faguet summarizes the weakness of modern democracy in "The Dread of Responsibility." Non-voting, unintelligent voting, the mob spirit, and the otherwise good men who shun public office—all point in the same direction. In the last two national elections, but forty-nine per cent of the eligible voters cast their ballot in the one election and but fifty-two per cent in the other. That happened in a government of majorities!

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able of the trees that is found in the Bible may be applied to civic life today. Let me refresh your memory. The trees went forth to elect a King. They said to the olive tree, "Come thou and rule over us." But the olive tree refused and said, "Shall I give up my fatness to rule over you?" Then they said to the fig tree, "Come, rule thou over us," but the fig tree declined and said, "Shall I give up my sweetness to rule over you?" Then it was offered to the vine, who also avoided the responsibility, saying, "Shall I give up my cheer to rule over you?" Finally it was offered to the bramble, the thorn bush, in the same words, "Come, rule thou over us," and the thorn bush accepted: "If ye would have me rule over you, come take refuge under my shade." How cutting the sarcasm, how penetrating the sneer, how scathing the irony! The bramble that can give no

shade said, "take refuge under my shade." As long as Mr. Bank President, and Mr. College Professor, and Mr. Successful Business Man refuse to give up their sweetness, or their ease, or their cheer, the bramble among them, who has nothing to give up, because he is nothing, will rule. Twenty-three hundred years ago Plato said that people who hold themselves aloof from politics "because it is beneath their dignity," will pay the penalty of being ruled by people less good than they are. So long as good people are intimidated by the mob, by corrupt politicians, and officers of the law who "have their price," fears for the future of democracy are warranted. Fearlessness on the part of good citizens will annihilate this fear.

Fear is the greatest enemy of society.

Courage is her greatest asset.

## "For a' That, and a' That"

(Continued from page 23)

about to pass on their way to open an exhibition or visit a hospital. Nor is this desire a mere idle curiosity, for the cheers and shouts that ascend the skies from the thousands and tens of thousands of lusty throats, as the royal carriage passes within a few feet of them, testify to the heartiness of their welcome and the depth of their affection.

Moreover, the Prince of Wales and his brothers were educated at the same schools as the other boys of their own age. The people admire them and love them. . . . "Like father, like son," and so "Gentlemen, the King!" is more than a mere formal toast. When the King is a King, one whose name is honored and respected, abroad as well as at home, "For King and Country" is a powerful rallying cry. Accordingly, when at the close of any public performance, the audience rises to its feet and sings "God Save the King," the words uttered are not perfunctory but come from the bottom of their hearts.

It speaks well for the British people that their King and Queen can go about the streets among them without protection of any military guard. It is true that the King's palaces are guarded by soldiers and policemen and so are not open to the public; but these guards are more for the sake of keeping up a certain tradition than for any real protection against anarchists or revolutionaries. Such a feeling of confidence cannot but impress itself upon the foreigner; for, whereas in some countries

their sovereigns live in constant dread of assassins and are, therefore, heavily guarded, the King of England and ruler of the world's greatest empire goes about attended by only a few horsemen. He dwells in perfect peace and security, and in his case the old maxim, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," has lost its point.

In passing, it may be pointed out that perhaps the Norwegian capital is the most democratic of all in the world. Whereas Buckingham Palace is excluded from the public by a high wall, the royal palace at Oslo has no opaque wall but an iron railing. There are few military guards doing sentinel duty at the palace gates, but any individual, foreigner or native, can walk through the grounds, and even beneath the very windows of the palace itself. Here is the anarchist's golden opportunity; yet no one ever thinks of taking any precaution against that possible menace! No questions are asked, but the pedestrian passes by as he would any ordinary thoroughfare.

So far we have confined ourselves to the democratization of the English nobility and royalty. But there is another contributory cause to the obliteration of class distinctions. Namely, the fact that the officials are not recruited from any one special class, but are drawn from all classes. Whoever has the requisite abilities, irrespective of ancestry or economical conditions, may arise and climb to the highest rungs of the ladder, and no one need be ashamed



of his family history so long as he himself is accounted an honest and capable public servant. As in nations, so in individuals, and as in the other walks of life so in public service, only the fittest will survive. Birth and education may give a man a better start in life, but merit alone will keep him there or push him forward.

Moreover, it is within the reach of every deserving commoner to aspire to a peerage, if he so desires. Whereas it is true that "once a peer, always a peer," the converse is hardly true that "once a commoner, always a commoner." For when a man has distinguished himself in the service of his country, he deserves to have his services suitably recognized. So the King can exercise his royal prerogative and raise such a man from the common crowd to the peerage, not to mention the intermediate stages of knighthood and baronetcy.

In this way the nobility is democratized and their ranks are increased. The peers are no longer peers by birth, but more and more they are peers by merit. The class distinctions are in process of obliteration, not because the aristocracy is pulled down, but because the other classes are elevated.

All these are steps conducive to the progress and advancement of the human kind. When men can live together contentedly, when class jealousies and class prejudices are eradicated, and when merit, not birth, is the royal road to success and reward, then we are already well on the way to the promised millennium. That ideal stage of the modern Utopia may be yet distant; nevertheless, the signs of progress we see around us are so many steps leading steadily towards that goal.

Then let us pray that come it may,

As come it will for a' that,

That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,

Shall bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

It's comin' yet, for a' that,

That man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that.

\* \* \* \* \*

IF the London weather is never attractive to the foreigner, the metropolis is, *par excellence*, the city for tourists. And this is attested by the number of Americans especially, who swarm over to "do" the sights of this travellers' lodestone. But in at least one case the perversity of the former has robbed a stranger of the attractions of the latter.

For example, a friend of mine passed through London on his way to China. Unfortunately, when he arrived, it was February and the weather was miserable and chilly. There was nothing much to be seen, and so he left for the Continent after a stay of only two days. When he was subsequently asked about his impressions of London, he told his

hearers at home that the world's metropolis was a city of muddy streets and dirty buildings. There was absolutely nothing worthy of the tourist's attention, and he was sorry that he had ever wasted so much valuable time in such a wretched place. This picture is, of course, exaggerated. Nevertheless, the speaker was only narrating his own unhappy experience. Such are the sins of London's weather!

To an Easterner this Queen of the Thames has all the charms of an Eastern capital. Not that it has any of the aroma of an Eastern atmosphere, but the similarity lies in its unique, to invent a new word, "historicness." And yet as one walks up and down the streets, or watches the busy traffic from the top of an omnibus, and sees all the paraphernalia of modern civilization, one instinctively forgets that this city was ever historic. All vestiges of antiquity seem to have completely disappeared under the advancing tide of modernity, and the glory that was London's seems to dwell only in man's memory.

Such an impression is, fortunately, only transient, for as one wanders about the metropolis he is soon reminded of the exact age of his environment. This is best known not in the West End where fashion and society congregate, where comfort and luxury beckon siren-like to those who have money to spend, and where pleasure-seekers find their earthly paradise. In such surroundings, the ancient greatness of London is not to be found. To see the real London one must go into the city itself or its immediate outskirts. Here the streets are narrow and the buildings are unpretentious. The visitor walks upon a ground that has seen the vicissitudes of time, and every step he takes is hallowed by the consecration of centuries.

Modern edifices may stand side by side with the old structures and motor-buses or taxi-cabs may ply their trade along the busy thoroughfares; but the city still retains its ancient atmosphere. As a tourist threads his way along the side-streets, the serenity of which is not outraged by such precursors of modern civilization as the motor omnibuses, etc., he inhales a full draught of the wine of London's ancient greatness. For, here, despite the depredations of a civilization which threatens to disown its very parentage, is the real London still preserved and its banner flaunting in the air. The ancient city is intact and all its glory is not yet gone.

Let the tourist mount the steps of the Monument and he will know that once upon a time this rich city was a prey to the terrible devastations of, first, the Black Death and then the great conflagration. Let him

## International Trade Relations

How may a Rotarian manufacturer locate Rotarian agents? How may a broker secure the handling of certain kinds of goods, or how may some other business relationship be established? How may Rotarians indicate their desire to connect with other Rotarians because of their confidence that Rotarians are safe men with whom to do business?

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## International Trade Relations

The International Trade Relations assembly at the Minneapolis Convention inaugurated Rotary's active entry into this important work. After such a fine introduction of the subject the way is now clear for every club to make its contribution to this part of Rotary's program.

Beginning with the 1927-1928 Rotary year, the Vocational Service program has included the subject of International Trade Relations as one of the four ways in which individual Rotarians may manifest the Ideal of Service in their vocations. Rotary International always has considered this subject as a part of its work, as a requisite to the realization of the Sixth Object, but until recently has not given it a definite place on the program. Now the campaign is actively in progress. The special assembly at the Minneapolis Convention was the starting point for active participation in the subject.

The Vocational Service Committee of Rotary International in its program pamphlet has outlined various methods by which the subject may be approached. It is hoped that these suggestions will be of assistance to all clubs regardless of size, location or special characteristics. The Committee stands ready to supply clubs with special program material also. This material is in the form of addresses by prominent Rotarians and others and pamphlets on different phases of the subject.

Clubs that have given programs on the subject are asked to send copies of them to the Committee for distribution to clubs requesting program suggestions. This will assist the International Committee in furthering the knowledge Rotarians have of conditions existing in this particular relationship and in stimulating activities toward their improvement.

visit the Guildhall and he will appreciate what it means to be privileged with the freedom of the City of London. Let him visit the old Tower with its picturesque "beef-eaters" and battlements; let him crawl his way up the dark stone staircase of the principal prison chamber and examine the inscriptions on the walls made by the unfortunate political prisoners; let him stand on the site where two of the Merry Monarch's queens, as well as Lady Jane Grey and others, were beheaded; and he will realize the old age of the world's metropolis. Above all, let him visit St. Paul's Cathedral or, better still, Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and he will understand the full force of an Englishman's love for the "dear old London town."

I do not propose to go into the details of these and other places of historic interest. They can be looked up in any guidebook, if the tourist will only take the trouble to do so. But I may record here my indebtedness to the authorities and employees of the Reading Room of the British Museum.

To those who have only a few days to spend in London, this Reading Room will not be included in their lists of itinerary, although the Egyptian mummies, etc., will invariably be visited. Nevertheless, for those who can, the Reading Room should always be included, and if possible, its gratuitous facilities also made use of; and many, no doubt, will appreciate the realism of this description by a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*:

An eminent Frenchman once declared that on the principle of *ex pede Herculem* the whole British Constitution could be deduced from those two national institutions—Simpson's and the Reading Room of the British Museum. However, that may be, it is fairly safe to assert that everyone who has used a reader's ticket can recall the thrill with which he passed for the first time by the challenging sentries at the entrance, under the bust of Panizzi, and so through the swing-doors that give admittance to the great circular study in Bloomsbury. The soft, dim light that prevails even on a sunny morning, the peculiar odour that seems to be compounded of ancient leather, cork-carpet, and damp overcoats, the unbroken rows upon rows of volumes reaching from the floor to the ribs of the dome overhead, the immensity of the dome itself (after that of the Pantheon at Rome it has the widest span of any in Europe), the silence of the workers as they pore over the padded tables or flit from shelf to shelf (like wasps flying up and down an apricot tree, as Butler put it), the hierarchic planning of the desks and cases to form a pattern that leads the eye more and more inward till at length it rests upon the little figure with the tall hat at the very hub of the concentric circles—all this combines to leave on the novice the impression of a strange cult, a mystic ceremonial organized for his benefit in some antique Temple of Wisdom. He has left the

outer world behind, and the accumulated learning of the ages is at his disposal for the mere filling in of a few slips of paper.

Indeed, the visitor has left the outer modern world behind when he once passes the policeman at the iron gates of the Museum. Here, within a stone's throw of a busy artery (New Oxford Street) is a quiet sanctuary where he can behold and ruminate over the accumulated age and dignity of this great city. The atmosphere partakes of the character of the books and mummies, and Carlyle, for example, complained that he never went into it without getting "the Museum headache"—an opinion which I, for one, cannot endorse.

THE eminent Frenchman was not far wrong when he declared that on the principle of *ex pede Herculem* one-half of the British Constitution could be deduced from the Reading Room of the British Museum. I will even venture further and say that one-half of not only the British Constitution, but also of the British character, is deducible from the "Old Curiosity Shop" in Bloomsbury. The treasures of its unique library are not exhibited promiscuously at the street corners for any passer-by to gaze or leer at, but the earnest student must himself go and seek for them if he really appreciates their value or pricelessness. Similarly, the age and greatness of London is not found in the gay and gaudy resorts of the West End; it is preserved in the sombre and austere precincts of the city or its immediate outskirts. Therefore, the Englishman who inherits his temperaments from his surroundings does not come to the stranger; the latter must go to him. To those who do not understand, the former appears snobbish or forbidding; but to those who pause to consider, this quiet reserve is only a reflection of the bashfulness of London's greatness and dignity.

Strange as it may seem, the average Londoner is a poor guide for conducting visitors around. Being a permanent resident of the place, he naturally feels that he can visit these sights at any time. With him it is just a question of time, unlike the American who, it is related, never saw a sight because London was so huge and the sights were so widely scattered about, that he could not find time to undertake the sightseeing journey. He said he preferred death to Westminster Abbey, since Nelson and other famous sons of Britain never went there until they died, and what was good enough for them was good enough for him!

But this continual putting-off on the Londoner's part is disastrous, for "some day" in such cases means "never." Hence, there are many Lon-

doners who have never been inside the Tower of London or up to the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. The case of the foreigner, however, is different. His time is limited and his stay is short, so he must make hay while the sun shines. He wants only to visit the most important sights and so cannot afford to spend unnecessary time over the lesser ones. For this purpose his best guide is, perhaps, one of his own countrymen sojourning in the place; for the latter being a foreigner himself, knows best how to help his compatriot under the circumstances. Thus it happened that every summer I made a pilgrimage to most of these sights, not forgetting, of course, Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, when friends passed through London and wanted a guide to show them around.

As one revels in the spectacle of these ancient landmarks, one admires the spirit of the legislators who ordain that these historic monuments should be preserved, if not in their pristine grandeur, at least from premature decay and disintegration. Such a spirit does justice to the genius of the past, and at the same time preserves for the present as well as future generations, a goodly heritage for their edification and inspiration. I think it was Tennyson who said that patriotism was nothing more than a veneration for the past. If this is true, then those who scrupulously preserve such monuments from decay are doing a great service in the promotion of the nation's patriotism.

On the other hand, the sight of such milestones cannot but produce feelings of humility and thanksgiving within the breasts of loyal Englishmen. The hands of time are slowly bearing these monuments on to the land of oblivion; yet their own country is still immune from the self-same devastating hands. The contrast is impressive and, there being no permanency or immutability in human affairs, the outlook for the future is problematical. Here is food for furious thought; and in many a thinking mind these lines from Kipling's "Recessional" doubtless find a sympathetic echo:—

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

## Why I Go Abroad

(Continued from page 18)

not like a jug handle while you eat with a fork. But many people used to do it and some still do. At the Victoria Hotel in London I did this, instinctively, and happened to glance his way just in time to see a decorous French waiter imitate me to the vast amusement of the other waiters in the vicinity. Did I ever, will I ever, do that again? I should say not! I was cured!

But I have never, for some strange reason, resented these things when they were done abroad. I felt in such a vast minority that I was humble, and so the lesson struck in. Even when I was a "native" one night in Genoa, and made myself as utterly ridiculous as the lowliest peasant from another country could make himself while trying to be understood, on his first arrival here; and when they laughed contemptuously at me, I didn't get sore. I said to myself:

"Old timer, you had it all coming to you. You have taken time to play enough hours of solitaire, to have learned Italian, Cingalese, Greek, Coptic, Senegambian and Eastside New Yorkese and Pennsylvania Dutch.

So I made a lot of good resolutions

and kept my goat. As to the good resolutions, I have learned two other kinds of solitaire since I got home and don't yet know a word of Italian except "Wie gehts" and "Erin go bragh."

Europe is the place to get the rough corners trimmed off and learn to see ourselves (as nearly as we can endure) as others see us. Those who go abroad with no chips on their shoulders; to learn instead of to teach; to give a pleasant impression of their country instead of the other kind, will vastly benefit therefrom. The basic human reacts basically to the same basic reactions, everywhere. If you are ridiculous to your near neighbor who dare not tell you so, the far neighbor who sees you abroad may be naïve enough to break the news to you so that you can cure yourself of ridiculitis right there and go back home less ridiculous.

In other and briefer words (for a fellow *has* to end an article somehow) anybody in this world is *either a human or less*. He won't be any more than that while he pushes his feet around this vale of tears.

*"He loses most who serves worst."*

## New Wonders to Aid the Blind

(Continued from page 33)

one side of the paper. This was also a handicap, because Braille printing takes up so much more space than the ordinary type. The new typewriter has a frame of two metal bars at right angles to the carriage instead of a roller. The keys pass along the frame. When the page is typed on one side, the frame is turned over and can be typed on the other, for the frame is so spaced as to permit this. Another improvement is the motive force, as the carriage is supplied by a pendulum instead of a spring which has proven more satisfactory. Springs in typewriters for the blind have more of a tendency to break down than in an ordinary machine, due largely to the great difference in the methods of construction.

To increase the output of printing for the blind a new roto "Braille press" has

just been installed. In the old-fashioned press used until recently the zinc plates, upon which were punched the dotted printing, were placed flat in an upright position. The special cardboard paper to receive the impression in the old press had first to be dampened by hand. The output was 4,000 sheets an hour. The new roto press treats the paper by electricity which serves the purpose formerly done by dampening the sheets by hand. By the new electrical method a much clearer printing is produced. The new press with each turn of the roller works automatically a cutter which drops the finished page upon a holding table, increasing the output to twelve thousand pages an hour.

So very little is known by the general public of the great advances made in recent times in welfare work to aid the blind that a brief review of the work



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of the American Braille Press is interesting at this time when they are producing three new inventions of a nature different from the past.

Though the French city of Paris was chosen as the most central place to supply the needs of the blind of the world, the organization was founded by an American, William Nelson Cromwell, and since its beginning at the end of the World War has been carried on by funds generously supplied by donations from Americans and others. And immense strides have been made in perfecting methods to increase the output of reading matter and music for the blind. Until recently most of the work was done by hand and the output was small. Now by the means of improved machinery and the working out of a vast distributing system the Braille Press has become the greatest organization of its kind in the world. It is just one more example among so very many in recent years showing how modern efficiency methods, organization, and welfare work have spread over the entire globe.

Founded at the end of the war in order to aid blinded soldiers and sailors, the American Braille Press soon expanded to also look after the interests of the civilian blind. In the last four years 19,000,000 pages of Braille, in six languages, have been sent out to readers in forty countries. There are 75 distributing centers in the United States and Canada. The greatest single publishing achievement was the completion a few weeks ago of the French encyclopaedia Larousse in twenty-two volumes. Besides 19,000,000 pages of Braille, which were used in publishing 500 books and nine periodicals, published monthly in six languages, French, English, Serbian, Roumanian, Polish, Italian, there were 700,000 pages of music printed. This required 150 tons of paper, and 15 tons of zinc. The zinc is melted after being punched with the

Braille print, and used over again. The Braille is set up in three kinds: No. 1, for use by beginners; No. 1½, slightly abbreviated; No. 2, very much abbreviated for experienced readers. Fifty thousand blind readers and musicians are now assisted to an ever-increasing victory over the handicap of lost sight, and this helping sightless people to help themselves to earn a living, and to entertain themselves may fairly be said to be one of the great welfare works of the world.

**P**rinting for the blind was begun in 1771 by Valentine Haüy, a man of some means who was deeply moved by the pitiful plight of blind people in France of his period who were forced to earn their living chiefly by begging. The discovery was the result of a happy accident on the part of a blind boy Lesueur whom Haüy was educating to read ordinary type with his finger tips. One day the boy felt a piece of heavy paper upon which some heavy driven type had made a more than usually deep impression. This was the lucky accident that led to the inventing of the dot system of printing improved fifty years later by Barbier, a French officer, and a little later by Louis Braille. Braille was blinded at the age of three, and was educated at Haüy's school, where he became a professor, and experimented in perfecting the system of reading with the finger tips. The embossed type that he perfected was given his name. But until the end of the war methods for producing reading matter were very slow and antiquated. The establishing of the American Braille Press has changed all this.

Practically the entire staff of fifty people are blind, or nearly so. Yet many of them successfully operate complicated machinery. In one big room of the plant are the only motor-driven stereotype machines in the world which print the Braille printing on both sides

of the zinc plate. This very ingenious invention called "Interpoint," by a careful system of spacing, permits printing on both sides of the sheet, an exceedingly important step, reducing the naturally always bulky volumes to half their former thickness. The books are 13½ by 10½ inches in size, and contain 100 pages. They are published in six languages and the leading English, French, and American writers of fiction are included. The greatest single publishing endeavor in fiction was Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo" in twenty volumes. Eight thousand volumes have been printed in French and 5,000 volumes in English.

The setting up of the printed work is exceedingly interesting. The material is first read by a person of normal sight aloud into a dictaphone. The cylinders from this are then taken to the composing-room and placed in reproducing dictaphones. The blind operators of the stereotype machines take the dictation through earphones. The dictaphones can be stopped at any moment and a sentence repeated. The blind workers write upon a keyboard which the stereotypers transfer to zinc plates. Each plate makes a page of a book or sheet of music. Before the zinc plates are transferred to paper they are proofread in the ordinary way. The corrections are made by a small hammer to pound down unnecessary dots, or with a steel-pointed instrument which adds a dot that has been forgotten. A new high-speed press, already described, completes the work of transferring the dots to paper. Braille books are now bound by a highspeed stitching machine, a great improvement on hand methods in practice until a few years ago.

This in short is the history of the welfare work in aid of the blind to date, an exceedingly interesting work, not the least important feature being the participation of the blind in helping each other.

## Trader Horn and the Sixth Object

(Continued from page 15)

African tribes that are on the verge of hostilities because one tribe had killed a boy, a member of the other tribe.

"I explained how I thought peace could be brought about at once," Horn writes, "as Matam, my cannibal friend had told me that although they would never bother these people down the river or interfere with their coming and going to Adimango for trade purposes, yet they were deadly enemies and if they ever came up with them on Bimvool territory they would fight im-

mediately and give no quarter. Furthermore he said that these river Mpangues still owed them two ivories, or two of their men, and if they failed to pay up the Bimvool would either kill two of their men or take two ivories. . . .

"As I had already thought this over I told him that we must on no account let these two tribes fight out their differences as there certainly would be no trade as long as they waged war. Whilst we would not be able to trade with Azingo once they commenced

fighting. . . . I made express time going down the river, as my boys were the pride of the river and had had a good rest, and we arrived about midnight at the big native town and as I hopped ashore I was met by the brother of the boy who had lost his life. I was immediately conducted to the big hut of the chief who said to me 'taba se?', shall we have a friendly sit down. . . . The first headman spoke only a few words. The next councillor rose and recommended war at once but with the Bimvool only. He sat down. I spoke

some length. I knew these people and their language also. I was exactly in the same mind as him, if he could show me how this could be done without hurting outsiders. War, I said, was a manly way of settling your grievances if you could do this without interfering or destroying the trade of innocent people, and how he would manage to do this I would like him to explain. The old chief smiled and ordered the Good Councillor to reply. He stood and recounted the wrongs done them by the Bimvool but failed to show me how he could make war without doing great injury and after all would be no nearer peace. He sat down and in a short harangue I explained how trade was increasing and what a mighty loss it would be to them to have all the white traders leave the river after they had become nicely settled and the tremendous loss to them of a year's trade or more."

And so the parley went on, first with one tribe and then in joint council with the other, and a lasting peace was made. And then comes this delicious dissertation from Horn about the methods of diplomacy:

"Grand opportunities there were in those days for a bit of natural diplomacy. 'Twas a man's life. I often wonder what all the old traders felt like when they saw a so-called bonne entente between France and Britain. Giving the Ivory Coast away to France for some dirty little rights in Newfoundland. Canning stinking fish in exchange for ivory and elephants. That's what bonne entente means. Swapping life, swapping my rivers, for the pleasure of extracting the guts of a cod in a filthy factory on a freezing coast. . . . That bonne entente did not take much account of us traders who'd pushed their country's interests ahead."

AND there you have the contrast between Trader Horn and his Sixth Objective methods and the regular, orthodox diplomacy.

On the one hand a "friendly sit down" between people who know and understand each other and iron out their differences in a reasonable fashion. A peace obtained among men who know and understand each others' language and customs.

On the other the "stinking fish" methods of the bonne entente, a cold-blooded, commercial bartering that is done in the interests of someone high up in governmental and financial circles, not taking into account the common people.

Whether it be a tribal war in Africa or the World War, an economic situation generally lies in the background and always will. Someone owes someone else two ivories; Alsace-Lorraine is bandied back and forth without regard

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to the nationality of the people or their desires; the Kiel Canal must be built to give a direct outlet to the open sea. It has to be built on someone else's land so that land must be taken. The home land becomes overcrowded. There is a surplus of labor. There is not enough land to go around. Social conditions are adversely affected. More land must be had to provide homes for these people. Look around and take what is needed from someone else. An excuse can be found.

That is history, that is custom, and it can't be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Diplomats study conditions and make treaties, but treaties are made with other diplomats for and between governments. The people are not consulted.

Has the Versailles Treaty and the

relocation of boundary lines settled anything in Europe?

No.

Will the Sixth Objective of Rotary accomplish anything real if it is merely an echo of approval of peace treaties—the staple article that has been fed to the world throughout the ages?

No.

Rotary's Sixth Objective is not that, although it can and does give approval to any good steps towards peace. It is a "friendly sit down," in which the men of nations, men of the common people, merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, farmers, teachers, preachers, are getting together on an everyday basis, learning each others' minds and habits and finding out that whatever the color of skin we are all good fellows and can smooth out difficulties in a peaceful manner.

It is going to be a slow process, for—and this is a point missed by the bulk of idealistic peace advocates who want the powers to disarm at once—Europe and America alone cannot be considered. The white race is but a small part of this earth's peoples. Any consideration of world peace must take into account the hundreds of millions of peoples of other races in countries far from Europe or the United States. It is true they are not financially, industrially or in a military way able to do harm now. But after Rome came the Dark Ages, and so we have another argument for the value of Rotary's peace program.

Individual Rotary clubs, individual Rotarians would do well to give more real thought to the real purpose of the Sixth Objective and ways in which to bring it about.

## Beaten Paths

(Continued from page 25)

world and how it was run. In the vast wisdom of his fourteen years he said he guessed maybe there was a God but that he wasn't quite sure yet. He didn't believe God was an old man with a big beard sitting somewhere in a big chair, but he guessed He was Something that was Somewhere. Something had had to make everything, start everything going—the world and the stars.

"Why, I couldn't even make a dog!" Lem told her.

"Maybe you could," Peg said. "You never tried."

"No," Lem said, rather impressed by the thought that he was willing to admit it. "I couldn't even make an ant. So I guess there must be Somebody. I don't know for sure yet, but I'm studying it out and I'll let you know as soon as I've made up my mind. You'd better not believe anything much about it until I do, but I'm pretty sure there's Something, because anybody can see how It works. You take Jesse James and how he was killed; that was because he was a bad man, and the bad ones always get punished sooner or later. Father says so. A murderer can go and do a murder and think nobody saw him, and maybe nobody did, but sooner or later he gets hanged or somebody kills him—maybe a locomotive hits him. And a burglar, maybe, thinks he has got away without anybody knowing it, but he always gets in jail or gets punished somehow. If nobody finds out he did it his house burns down or he breaks his leg or something and it costs him more than what he stole was worth."

"Yes," Peg agreed, knowing that

since Lem said it, there could be no doubt about it, "because if it wasn't so everybody would be burglars, wouldn't they, Lem?"

"Or bandits, most likely, or train robbers, or cheats like Uncle Clyde."

"Did he get his leg broke or anything?" Peg wanted to know.

"Not yet, but something will happen to him," Lem said. "It don't pay to be wicked; in the long run the good folks always come out on top. That's how it is."

"You're good, aren't you, Lem?" Peg said, not as a question but as congratulating both herself and him.

"Yes, I'm pretty good," Lem admitted. "Once I took that football from Eddie Porter, but I gave it back to him."

"That cry-baby!" Peg scoffed.

THEY talked on and on, one thing suggesting another, while the rain beat on the shed roof or dashed in sudden gusts against the frame walls. Noon came and Peg ran home and Lem went in for his lunch. They had planned to spend the afternoon the same way.

"You had better go up and see your father before you go out to the shed again," Lem's mother told him. "He asked for you. He's worse, I guess. He wouldn't eat anything."

"All right," Lem said, and bolted the rest of his lunch. "I'll go up now, I guess."

He went up the stairs and tapped on his father's door, as he always did, and went in. Enoch Barclay lay with his eyes closed, his face sallow and more sunken than ever, and Lem cleared his throat twice before he could speak.

"How do you feel today, father?" he asked, and Enoch opened his eyes. For a minute that seemed to Lem an hour the elder looked at his son. He might have been trying to gauge the boy's intelligence or reckon whether he was worth spending dying breath upon, but presently he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Lem," he said, "I am going to die. I'm through. I can't last another week out, perhaps only a day or two. Then you'll have your own way to make in the world. They'll take this house, they'll take my business, and there'll be nothing left and you will be poor. I can leave you nothing, but there is one thing I do not have to leave to you—I do not have to leave you believing a lie. Hand me that black tin box from the top drawer. The key is in it. Unlock the box and give it to me."

Lem found the box and opened it and placed it in his father's hands and the sick man felt in it until he found a fold of papers.

"Read these," he said. "Read them aloud."

The papers were three or four old letters dated many years earlier. The first was written from a town in Kansas and signed by Sarah Loucks, addressed to Barclay Brothers, at Denton. It began by saying she would not, probably, be remembered, although her dead husband had once run a notion store in Denton. That was years ago. Nothing had gone right for them in Kansas and now that he was dead they said she would have to go to the poor farm. She had found, in packing up to go, a paper that seemed to be a deed to some



land in Denton. She supposed it had been sold long since, her husband had never said anything about it, but she saw he had paid two hundred dollars for it, and if she owned the property and could get two hundred dollars for it and it could be sold, she would not have to go to the poor farm, they said. She wondered if Barclay Brothers could find out, and if she owned it, sell it for her, or at least let her know what it was worth.

"Read the next," Lem's father said.

The next letter was from Clyde Barclay, written in pencil, to Lem's father. "Enoch:" it ran. "When you get back to Derlingport wish you would look up these Loucks' lots. I'll be back from Chicago Tuesday." It was signed "Clyde."

"Read the next one," Lem's father said.

The third letter was a copy, torn from an old-fashioned letter copying book. It was a congratulatory letter to Sarah Loucks telling her that her husband had kept the taxes paid on Lots 12 to 18, Block 36, and that she was doubly fortunate because Main Street had just been cut through and a new cross street decreed, making her land a corner parcel. Probably it could be sold for from eight hundred to one thousand dollars a lot. Enquiries would be made and she would be advised immediately. This letter was in Enoch Barclay's hand.

"Yes; now read the next one," said Lem's father.

The fourth letter, also a copy torn from the copy book, was to the same Sarah Loucks, but it was not in Enoch's hand. It was signed by Clyde Barclay and not by Barclay Brothers. The writer, it said, had received Mrs. Loucks' letter and would give her two hundred dollars cash for her property. A check was enclosed, the letter said, and a deed which she must sign before a notary public.

"That's the story," Lem's father said. "That was your Uncle Clyde. We started in partnership, here in town, and I was always here and there, looking at farms, trying to sell insurance and one thing and another, and that letter I wrote to Sarah Loucks was never sent. Clyde came home and found it and destroyed it and wrote the other. I would have given that widow what the land was worth; he cheated her. He gave her two hundred dollars for it and turned around and sold it for six thousand dollars. That was big money in those days—big money for us. When I knew what he had done I would have no more to do with him. I threw him out. I broke the partnership. He went to Derlingport and that money was his start. He's a rich man now."

Enoch Barclay rested, getting his

breath after the exertion of so much speech.

"All my days I have been an honest man," he continued then. "Not a man or woman in the world can say I ever did an unfair act, or lied, or cheated, or defrauded anyone, or took advantage. My word has been as good as my bond. And now I'm dying. I have not been happy and now I am poor and miserable."

Lem cleared his throat and shifted his feet uneasily.

"I AM telling you this, Lem," his father continued. "Soon I will be dead and you and your mother will have nothing. All my life I have had less than enough and your mother has complained and I have had worry and unhappiness, and now I can leave nothing but worse poverty."

"I don't care," Lem blurted. "I don't care."

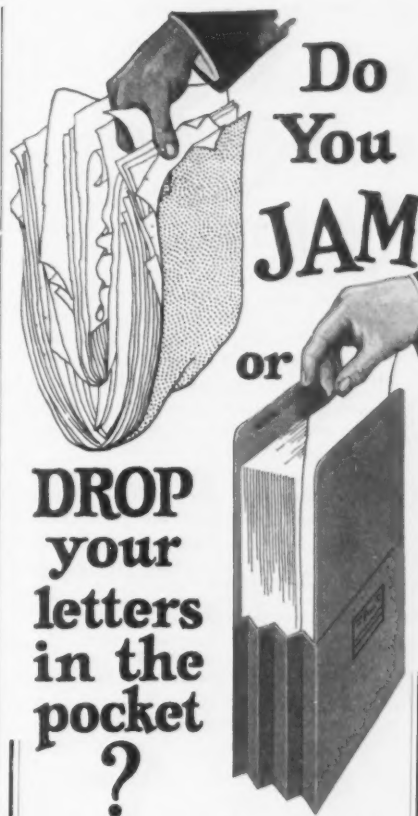
"Because you don't know," Enoch Barclay cried almost fiercely. "But I do care. You shan't be the failure I am. You shan't be the fool I was and waste your life for a lie's sake. They'll tell you to be honest and you'll prosper, but it is a lie. They'll tell you the cheat and the sharper will be despised, but that is a lie. Your uncle Clyde cheated that widow and that was how he got his start and he is rich and happy and honored. He is the same today as he was then; all his life he has taken advantage of ignorance and they laugh and say he is shrewd and admire him. He has luxury to give his family and he is a happy man. And you see what I am!"

He raised one hand and let it fall.

"I want you to remember my words, Lem, for they are all I can leave you. Remember them. Think of them. Remember that I tell you that honesty does not pay in this world. The unrighteous triumph. It is a world of dog-eat-dog and the least scrupulous dog wins. Don't let them tell you anything else. Pretend to be honest if you wish, but only when it will get you what you want. Are you heeding what I say?"

"Yes sir," Lem answered and he did not know his own voice.

"Remember me and remember your uncle Clyde. From the day your uncle turned to dishonesty he prospered. When I am dead think of me as a failure. Remember that 'honesty' is merely a word invented by the shrewd to fool the fools. Honor and truth have nothing to do with happiness and success in this world. The great rewards go to the great rascals. Lie, but don't get found out. Cheat, but keep it hidden. Grab, but don't get caught. Defraud, but keep within the law. Get money. Get the widow's money; get anybody's money; get it



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however you can—but get it. If you don't get the widow's money some smarter man will. Will you obey me in this, Lem? Remember, these are my dying words. "Will you obey me?"

"Yes, father," Lem stammered, not daring to look in his father's face.

"Then go, son. I am tired—very tired. Send your mother to me."

On the way out of the house with this awful burden of knowledge Lem told his mother his father wanted her. The rain had stopped and Lem saw Peg standing at the gap in the hedge but he went out of the yard without a word to her, and so on across the common at the back, and his dog followed him. A boy called "Yo, Lem!" but he went on without looking up, and down an alley noisome with manure until he reached the creek. Here he turned and followed the windings of the stream until he came to a place he knew where the tall weeds stood head-high. He pushed in among the weeds and threw himself down on the wet earth and buried his face in the crook of his arm and wept.

His thoughts and feelings were a swirling cauldron of unhappiness and anger and resentfulness and he felt bruised, as if he had been beaten with rods. For a while his hurt gave him nothing but sobbing incoherencies but presently he began to feel a great pity for his father who was dying up there in that room in such unhappiness. Across his mind flashed the things his mother had said about his uncle Clyde from time to time, all in praise of Clyde and contrasting Clyde's success with Enoch Barclay's failure. They would all have been happy, what she said had implied, if Lem's father had been what Clyde was.

LYING flat on the ground there Lem tried to think but it is doubtful if thought is anything but combining and recombining what we know or have dreamed or can imagine. He had few examples of success and failure and always he came back to what he did know—that his father had been an honest man—and that he would not be less honest but, rather, more honest on his death bed. This new theory of life, that honesty does not pay, was so different from anything he had been taught that it was hard to accept, but his feelings took the upperhand and Lem wept at the thought that his father had so long deceived himself, and out of this came the resolve that "they" should not deceive Enoch Barclay's son with their lies about honor and honesty. He, at least, had been warned.

It was dusk and Lem was hungry when he got to his feet. His dog had tired of running through the weeds and had come to lie against Lem's legs, and he jumped up and barked when

Lem arose, and together they went homeward. At the kitchen door they were met by Mrs. Sam Trent who was evidently getting dinner.

"Lem," she said gently, "Your father passed on an hour ago. I think you had better go up and get off those wet clothes and then come right down; your dinner will be ready."

"Yes'm," Lem said; "All right."

He was sorry his father was dead and he remembered that they would be poor now. He looked around his little room and knew he would hate to have to leave it. He was sorry he would have to quit school and go to work; he had never thought about it before but now he knew he had expected to finish school and perhaps go to college. He did not mind having to work but the need of being smart enough to outwit others frightened him and made him feel inadequate. He wondered how one knew when he had a chance to be dishonest; when being unscrupulous would pay and when it wouldn't. He wished his uncle Clyde lived in Denton so that he might learn from him.

Clyde Barclay, with his wife and two of his children, drove over from Derlingport in a handsome car, to be present at the funeral. They came early in the morning and after the funeral Mrs. Barclay drove the car to Derlingport, taking the children with her and leaving her husband, for Clyde had offered Enoch's widow to do what he could in winding up Enoch's affairs. Lem's mother was in a sad state and almost hysterical, sure they must be carted to the poor farm the next day. As a result of his lying on the wet ground the day of his father's death Lem had taken a bad cold and was in bed. The third day after the funeral his uncle Clyde went up to see him. He sat on a chair at the side of Lem's bed.

"And how are you feeling, young man?" he asked Lem.

"I'm all right," Lem said. "I'd get up if mother'd let me."

"That's fine," his uncle told him. "I wanted to have a talk with you before I went home; your mother isn't in a state to understand things. I've been looking into your father's affairs."

Clyde Barclay was taller than Lem's father had been but he was heavier. He was not stout but firm fleshed like a runner. His eyes were gray, quick rather than keen, and his mouth was sensitive rather than hard. At the corners of his eyes were lines that deepened when he smiled, and two other lines lay between his brows. These deepened when he frowned. Now he was both serious and kind.

"Well, Lem," he said, "your father did not leave much, and that's a fact. There'll be a few dollars but you'll have the funeral expenses to pay and with

the best I can get for the house and the business there'll not be enough to live on."

"I know that," Lem said. "I know we're poor."

"You might stay here and find work in Denton," his uncle said, "but you could not earn much. Your mother says you are in the first year of high school. I think you ought to finish and graduate, and I'll be glad to have you both come to Derlingport. I've a small house she can live in and I'd like you to make my house your home. I've no boy, Lem—all my boys are girls."

"Father said I ought to go to work," Lem objected.

"Yes, but the fact is," Clyde Barclay said, "that I have a small sum of money—about twenty-five hundred dollars plus interest—that in a way belongs to your father. He would never take it. It will take care of your mother until you finish school and are able to earn something. Lem, I'd like you to be a son to me and grow up in my house and learn business with me. I'll need someone to carry on when I get a few more years on my head. This money—"

"I know," Lem said. "It's the Loucks money. Father showed me the letters and everything. I know all about it."

IN the boy's face Clyde Barclay saw no look of dislike, no accusatory glance. The boy's eyes rested on his frankly but Clyde walked to the window and stood a minute with his back to the room.

"If you know about it," he said presently, turning to the boy again, "there is something I want to say about it."

"That's all right; you don't have to say anything," Lem told him; "Father said he was a fool not to do that same way."

For a moment Clyde Barclay looked down at the boy; then he drew the chair closer and sat beside Lem. He was serious enough now.

"Your father should not have said such a thing," he said. "You must never believe it, or think it, or say it. It never pays to be dishonest. If I thought you believed that, Lem, I wouldn't want you in my house or within a thousand miles of it."

"So you say," Lem thought but he said nothing. "This is the way to do it," he thought; "I'm learning something already."

"Your father was a good man," Clyde Barclay continued. "He had nothing to do with me because he hated me—hated me for what I did in that Loucks affair—and God knows, Lem, that what I did has been bitter in my mouth all these years. It has made my life a

husk without wheat. It has made my life a house built on wrong, a tree grown from a rotted root. You can't understand it, Lem, because you are only a boy, but sometimes there are things a man would give his life to be able to go back and undo, and he can't. I'm wealthy; my wealth is like a tower and it might be a beautiful tower, but all the while I know it has been built on a wrong, and I can't change that now. There's no way in God's world that I can go back and take that rascality from under the corner of my life and put something clean in its place."

In his agitation he arose and began walking up and down the room.

"Lem," he cried, "never make the mistake I made! Be honest! Play fair! The thing I did that cursed day has poisoned everything I have won since then. You be straight and square, Lem."

Lem thought: "It will be a long time before I can do it that well, but maybe I can learn. He could fool anybody, talking that way."

"Lem," Clyde Barclay said impressively, stopping before the bed, "if your father had only known it he was the happy man. He had nothing to regret. Put out of your mind anything he may have said when he was sick and in pain; he was exasperated and ill. If he told you he was a fool when he refused to join me in the fraud on Sarah Loucks he did not know what he was saying. Lem, honesty is always the best policy."

"Yes sir—all right," Lem said; "I guess so," but to himself he said, "But you aren't fooling me, all the same! You want me to be another one to fool, but I won't be."

But his uncle Clyde was now telling him the plans he had made for closing this house and taking the furniture to Derlingport, and presently Clyde Barclay took the boy's hand for a moment and then went down, and Lem heard his car depart. Lem's mother came up and said she supposed Clyde had told him the plans he had made and that she guessed they were the best that could be managed, and Lem wanted to get up and dress but she made him stay in bed.

The next morning the sun was warm and bright and in the afternoon the truck came from Derlingport for their chattels. Lem spent the forenoon helping his mother pack barrels and boxes and it was not until afternoon that he saw Peg. She was on her way back to school and she came through the gap in the hedge, her books in a strap in her hand and Lem went to meet her.

"I don't care if I am late to school," she said. "You're going away and I'll never see you again."

Then she began to cry. It was the first time Lem had ever seen her cry except for a few whimpers when he had hurt her in some rough play, but she had never cried like this, for sorrow, and he began to talk noisily, scoffing at her crying and saying he bet he would come back and plenty of times, too! He'd come back to Denton every—well, plenty of times. She needn't think he was going up there to Derlingport among a lot of folks he didn't know and never come back to Denton. And, presently, they were sitting in the shed again as they had on that rainy day, and they both felt moved and melancholy and were rather enjoying it because the occasion was unusual and somehow sacred and intimate. It was a last talk and Lem opened his heart and told her everything—all about his father and the letters and his uncle Clyde.

Letting trickles of sawdust glide out of his cupped hand he told her he was going to be a rich man and he expounded his new gospel of getting the best of others by hook or crook. He said the world was all like that and that nobody but a fool thought it wasn't, and Peg listened. Whatever Lem said must be right.

"I guess that's the way men have to be, then," she said, "but I don't care. You'll come back, won't you, Lem? Even if you do get to be awful rich and everything?"

"Sure! Maybe every week I'll come down in my automobile and take you for a ride. I'll have my automobile and we'll go down the river and fish."

Toward the middle of the afternoon the truck came for the furniture and Lem had to help load it. Peg stood and watched. She had to keep to one side, out of the way, and when the time came for Lem to climb onto the truck for his trip to Derlingport he had time only to call "Good bye, Peg!" and wave his hand. The last Lem saw of her then was his playmate running beside the truck with her hands reaching toward him crying "Lem! Lem!" It was ten years before he saw her again.

WHEN he was eighteen Lem Barclay graduated from high school, and being given his choice by his uncle Clyde he chose to enter his uncle's office rather than go to college. In stature and capabilities Lem was mature beyond his years; in school he had been a leader without having to battle for it, being one of those who are given the lead without question. His uncle's two daughters granted him the same forward place in the home. His cheerful laugh told of self-confidence. Lem knew what he wanted and how he meant to get it.

In high school he had found no op-



portunity to better himself by unscrupulousness and his plan was not to waste the "character" he was erecting by taking in those who trusted him until some worth-while occasion arrived. In Clyde Barclay's office he became a very demon for work. He needed only a few days there to learn that no chance to make a big killing could possibly offer itself to a mere beginner. To profit by betraying a confidence he must first win that confidence, and to be able to make the best use of any opportunity he must know real estate from the ground up, but a few years mattered little and he set himself to learn the business thoroughly. When he had been in his uncle's office two years he began to study such law as had to do with real estate. One must know the law to know how to sidestep it.

Seven years after leaving Denton to live with his uncle in Derlingport Lem's mother died, and he celebrated his twenty-first birthday. For two years Clyde Barclay had practically deserted the office, giving his attention to his larger affairs and putting Corwin, one of his older employees in charge. To Lem now fell much of the outside work, rustling up insurance, hunting up properties to be sold and handling rentals and collections. From Corwin in the office and from men about town Lem heard much about the bigger deals his uncle Clyde was manipulating, and Lem saw quite clearly that his chance for beginning his fortune by a quick and unscrupulous deal must wait until he was taken into his uncle's confidence. In order to be ready to meet the opportunity when it came Lem had lived sanely and he now had some money in the bank and he had bought a couple of small pieces of property that paid him some rent.

**E**ACH year Lem's admiration for his uncle grew. He saw that his uncle must be a very master of craftiness, head and shoulders above anyone else in Derlingport, concealing his shrewdness under a cloak of honesty that deceived everyone, even Lem's aunt, his cousins and good old Corwin. Wherever Lem went he heard that Clyde Barclay was Derlingport's best citizen and presently, when Clyde Barclay began letting Lem have little glimpses of the big deals in which he was interested, Lem felt that he understood. His uncle, now engaged in combining and financing suburban lines and city railways and light and power companies, was keeping his home nest clean and exercising his trickery on big outsiders.

Lem's opportunity came unexpectedly. At twenty-four he felt fully ready to begin his fortune with a big stroke. He had built up a reputation

as an honest and dependable young man and he was rightly believed to know more about real estate values and possibilities than any other man in Derlingport. Everyone liked him and trusted him. To his uncle he was as dear as a son. And then the great chance came. One evening Clyde Barclay asked Lem to sit with him in his library and when they were seated opened a map.

Just above the city of Derlingport, along the river, lay a bog that at high water was flooded and which was considered of little value. The city had enlarged its limits to include this, but it lay between the tracks of a railroad and the river, seemingly worthless.

"Lem," said the older man, "you see this piece? I want you to buy that for me. Do it without any noise. I am going to trust you with the facts so that you may understand why I must have that piece. I am bringing the Mid-State Interurban into Derlingport."

"It can't be done," Lem said.

"It can be done," said Barclay. "The Mid-State buys the West Street Trolley Line. If we own that bog piece we can come down outside the railroad, bring the Mid-State through the West Street viaduct, and so into town. The railway wants to keep us out; you can see what that means."

"If the railway got wind of your plan they'd pay big money for that bog to keep you out," Lem said.

"So we have to move quickly and silently," Barclay said. "The railway can spend ten dollars to our one. I want you to buy that piece for me—for me personally, Lem. Do you know a man in Denton named Jed Herring?"

"Ran a notion store? Yes; a queer old fellow."

"You can offer him up to six thousand dollars, but begin with three thousand. Three thousand is twice what it is worth as it stands, but he has been holding it for four thousand. It is part of a farm he owned years ago; he sold off the upland part of it about the time you were born. But you get that bog piece, Lem; you get it!"

"I'll get it," Lem told his uncle. He took the map from Barclay's hands and studied it, and his thoughts were singing a triumph. He saw clearly enough what Clyde Barclay had in mind—with that piece in his possession Lem's uncle could hold up the Mid-State for fifty thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. So could Lem Barclay, and Lem was glad he had saved his money. This was his chance.

"I need not tell you, Lem," his uncle said as he let him go, "That this is confidential. I am trusting you with this mission because I believe I can trust you in every way. I am greatly pleased with you, Lem."

"I'll run down to Denton tomorrow afternoon," Lem said.

The next morning Lem drew six thousand dollars from the savings bank, for he thought the actual money would be more tempting to Jed Herring, and checks were dangerous. He wrote a deed, taking care to get the description of the property exact. That afternoon he drove down to Denton.

**F**OR ten years he had not been in the town of his birth and he was amused to notice how little it had changed, how stagnant it had been while Derlingport had quadrupled in size. Some of the signs over the stores were changed, there was an Italian fruit store where Quinn's saloon had been, and automobiles now took the places of farmers' wagons, but there were no new buildings. It was the same old town. A glaringly red gas station in front of the garage that had been Tooney & Lane's livery stable looked out of place. He saw the sign, "J. Herring, Notions," and turned his car to the curb, and someone on the walk looked toward him. For a moment he hardly knew her, she had changed so, and he was staring at her when she came toward him, holding out her hand and smiling eagerly.

"Why, Lem Barclay!" she exclaimed. "Of all the people in the world!"

She had changed in the ten years. She was no longer a scrawny kid but a joyously mature young woman and Lem knew he had never seen anyone so lovely. Her beauty made him catch his breath and the old Peg within her beauty aroused homesick memories.

"Peg!" he cried, as if he could not believe his eyes. "Well, Peg! For the land's sake!"

She laughed, for there was no mistaking what his exclamation meant; it meant that he saw she was beautiful, that she had improved and that she was good in his sight. He climbed out of his car, still holding her hand, and he had the triumphant feeling that something big had happened, that everything was suddenly much better in a mighty fine world, that a man was safe in the world. He felt swept clean of trouble and, although he did not know it, that was because her eyes were frankly honest eyes. His first question was an odd one.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you're married?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "No, nothing like that, Lem. And I suppose you're rich now, as you threatened to be?"

"Rich? No—I'm doing well enough; I'm getting along first rate."

"I'm glad," she said. "I've thought of you a lot, Lem—worried about you—but I can see it was silly. I mean

about what you said when your father died; I don't suppose you remember it—about being unscrupulous being the only way to get ahead in this world?"

"Yes, I remember it," Lem said. "I remember our last talk, Peg."

"Yes. I thought a dozen times I'd write to you, and then I knew it was just kid's talk, silly talk, and I was ashamed to write. Because anyone can see it isn't being crooked that makes men successful but being energetic and using all they have."

Old Jed Herring came from his shop just then, his hat on his head and evidently leaving the shop, and Lem called to him.

"Oh, Mr. Herring!" And when the old fellow turned, Lem, in a manner of speaking, let Peg have her hand again. "I've got some business with him," he explained. "Get in my car, won't you, and I'll be out in ten minutes. I want to talk to you; I've got a lot to say to you."

Inside the notion shop Jed Herring led Lem to the far end and they sat by his desk.

"Lem Barclay, hey? Enoch Barclay's boy?" the uncouth, small-town merchant said. "I knew your father well, young man, and your uncle, too. A good man your father was, but easy-going; hadn't the gumption of a kitten when it come to get up and hustle. What's your business with me, Lem?"

LEM explained. There was a piece of bog land that Jed appeared to hold title to; pretty poor stuff, maybe, but he had a buyer if it could be bought right. What would Jed take for it?"

"You're making the offer," Herring said. "What's you give for it?"

"How about three thousand dollars?" Lem asked, and then the dickering began. If somebody wanted it, Herring said, it must be worth something, and he said he would take ten thousand dollars for it, and Lem said he couldn't pay that, but might go five thousand, and presently they agreed on six thousand.

"Cash down," Herring insisted.

"Cash down, if you want it," Lem agreed. "I have the money in my pocket."

"In a mighty big hurry, ain't you?" Herring said. "Got all the papers made out and ready to sign, I'll warrant. Well, fill 'em out and we'll go over to Marty Malone's and have him put his seal on 'em. I got my deed right here in the safe."

While Lem spread his papers on the desk old Jed went to the safe and when he returned he adjusted his spectacles and leaned over Lem's shoulder.

"Hold on a minute there, young man!" he ordered. "Whose name is that you wrote in as buyer of this property?"

"Clyde Barclay's," Lem said. "Uncle Clyde's."

"Then I guess it ain't any use going any further," Herring said. "You can tear up your papers right now, young man. Fact is, your uncle Clyde has owned that bog land since a week ago last Thursday, four P. M. in the afternoon, when he was down here and bought it off me."

"But—" Lem exclaimed.

"Well, I guess he ain't going to be disappointed enough to speak of," Herring grinned. "Don't know as an old dog like me knows all the new tricks, but as near as I can make out your uncle Clyde was sort of testing you out someway. Some notion he had in his head, I dare say, 'If he puts my name on the deed, tear it up,' he says to me, 'but if he puts any other name, let me know.' Seems as if," the old man grinned, "he has in mind having you mix in some big deals somehow, and he wants to make sure you've got some fool notion out of your head. I guess he'll be satisfied."

For a moment Lem's face flushed red. For a moment he felt a surge of anger. He even opened his mouth to tell Jed Herring what he thought of such doings, but Peg must have touched the horn of his car inadvertently and he heard it. He remembered her clear eyes and he looked at Jed Herring sitting back in his chair and pulling at his long beard, and he laughed.

"You and uncle Clyde must be mighty chummy," he said.

"Why, no, son; not what you'd call chummy," Jed Herring said slowly. "More like friendly, maybe. We been friends a long time now; since before you were born, I dare say. Ever since he found out I was brother of Sarah Loucks and mighty near turned the world upside down to find me and pay me some money he owed her. Yes, sir, before you was born, quite awhile, that was."

He swept the remnants of the unfinished deed into his waste basket and, rising, gave Lem his hand.

"Good luck to you, son," he said. "I got to telephone up to your Uncle Clyde now, like I promised I would when you got done with me."

"Yes? Well, tell him I may not be home until late tonight," Lem said, and then he went out to where Peg was waiting for him in the car. She smiled at him and then noticed that he seemed more serious than before.

"Is anything worrying you, Lem?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "We're going to have a long drive down the river road and back, Peg, and I'm worrying about who is going to invite me to stay to dinner tonight."

"Then you needn't worry any more," she said, "because I am."

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Chicago

## A Fairy Story Comes True

(Continued from page 21)

which Calve herself had worn years before, Kathleen entranced her hearers with this evidence of the blossoming of her talents.

But it seemed as if that was to be the end. Mr. and Mrs. Kersting had exhausted their financial resources. It seemed that the golden nightingale was to stay only half released in Kathleen's throat.

Then it was that the Rotarians stepped in. Somehow they saw, as many of the rest did not see, that the golden voice was there. Somehow they had a vision of Kathleen Kersting as prima donna, at Milan, Paris, Berlin, New York. Somehow they heard what we all heard last May—a perfect voice. A group of them took upon themselves the task of Kathleen's musical education. A special committee was formed, headed by Richard E. Gray until his illness, and since then headed by Edwin J. Zimmerman, with C. M. Beachy and Dr. Harry W. Horn. Not officially, nor by a campaign, nor by assessments, but by voluntary contributions of Rotarians, \$15,000 was raised.

On this money Kathleen spent three and a half years in Italy, France, and Germany. When Calve said, "I have taught you all I can," she was sent to one of the best teachers in Italy, the famous Dante Lari. She was coached by Votto, a director of the famed La Scala Opera Company. She worked hard, very hard, denying herself many luxuries and pleasures, for her music. For she had caught the spirit that had sent her there, and had resolved never to disappoint the hopes that Mme. Calve, her parents, and "those wonderful Rotarians," as she called them.

FINALLY the time came for her debut. All interested in her were agreed that no big efforts of publicity, no buying of impressive engagements, were to be used in "putting her over." Ability and years of hard work, not an expensive dash and premature zeal, were to bring her to the top. So in February, 1928, she made her debut as "Marguerite" in "Faust," in the small but musically considerable city of Saluzzo.

Kathleen Kersting's golden voice, finished technique, and beautiful expression won all who heard her. The critic of "Il Carriere di Saluzzo," whose opinions were reprinted in important Italian musical journals, said: "Her beautiful gifts found legitimate

acknowledgments. She acted graciously and interpreted her scenes with exceeding vivacity. Her beautiful voice gave every evidence of its culture by eminent French and Italian teachers. She made a flattering impression on the audience, which applauded her without reserve."

Her second appearance was at the theater of Mondovi Piazza, where she met with an even more cordial reception. In the words of one of the high musical journals, "Kathleen Kersting sang the part of Marguerite with a brilliant success." The public applauded warmly and the press eulogized her. This is typical of the eulogies of the Italian press, which cannot be repeated at length.

And then the little girl with the nightingale in her throat came home like a princess, with the praises of the Italians still ringing in her ears. She was to give only one concert in America, and that only to express her gratitude for the vision of the Rotarians, and to see once more her devoted relatives and her home and her friends. Then she was to go back and continue on that hard road to fame, which all believe she will finally finish triumphantly.

One thing to smile happily about, and warm one's heart clear through, is the queer tradition that has arisen somehow—the tradition that Rotarians do not care for beauty or culture, or anything but making money and singing absurd luncheon songs. For these Rotarians of Wichita, who are about the same, I imagine, as Rotarians all over the United States, do have a vision of beauty and artistic achievement that makes them seem as demonstrative and as capable of being moved by sentiment as the Europeans. Such men have been called "Babbitts" and other names intended to indicate lack of refinement and an absence of a love for beauty, but these Rotarians, though they look like staid and practical business men, believe in fairy stories and making fairy stories come true. Even if their fondest hopes are not realized, the high adventure of their spirit has been fully justified, for they have shown the faith that is in them. This faith puts the spiritual qualities of the soul higher than material success. The victory of art is already won—come what may.

Wichita people arose to welcome her who at once was their sweetheart and their princess. From the minute she stepped from the train, she was honored

as a great artist, and greeted as Wichita's darling.

The concert on May 22 was the climax. Seats had been sold out days in advance. Such a welcome had never been given an artist before.

She stepped out on the stage, and as the great ovation made the hall ring, seemed overjoyed. And every Rotarian in the house was a proud father, as he listened to the roar of the applause.

AND then she sang. And even pride was almost forgotten in the beauty of the music. Her first tones struck the unprejudiced critic with a sense of sparkling clarity and sweetness. Her tones flowed as flawlessly and limpidly as a smooth-running stream. Immediately after, one noticed that ease and perfection of technique which thorough schooling had given her. As art conceals art, so her technique, even in the most difficult passages, conceals that any technique is necessary. Often even the greatest artists, when trying for certain high notes or intricate embellishments, leave us with a sense of the strain it takes to achieve them. But with Kathleen all came not only with ease, but with a feeling of power in reserve, so that we could lose ourselves in the beauty of ornate music and forget the artistry behind it. Her voice seemed not yet to have reached its fullest in power, but was nevertheless more than promising in this respect. Her unaffected and graceful acting, in which she indulged rather more than is usual, marked her as a real grand opera artist.

But it was in the last song of all that we all realized the soul behind her music, and the feelings behind her gracious exterior. It was "Home, Sweet Home." As she said later, "I cannot talk, but I can sing what is in my heart." She could not say what it meant to be home again, with her mother, her father and her friends, after six years across the sea. She could not say what her gratitude was to these Rotarians, those friends, who had opened the way to her to become an artist; who had placed her on the road that will lead to glory; who had released the golden nightingale in her throat.

But she could sing it. And so, very simply, but somewhat with a grace of art and a depth of feeling that moved our hearts to silence, she sang—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." And so it was that the fairy godfathers welcomed their princess back to Home, Sweet Home.



## AMONG OUR LETTERS

### "Can Not Be Accepted"

Dear ROTARIAN:

What Dr. Charles H. Mayo, in his article, "The Doctor and Community Life," says about medicine is interesting and no doubt correct. But when he gets over into the field of general education he is not so fortunate in his statements.

One may assume that Dr. Mayo is fully aware that the great progress that has been made in medicine is due to medical research. If, on the other hand, he is aware that research in the field of education has been prosecuted quite vigorously for some years past, and with very substantial results, his article does not disclose it.

Among the opinions expressed or clearly implied by Dr. Mayo, which, in the face of evidence to the contrary can not be accepted, are the following:

That in the large universities the contact between students and faculty members is less close than in the small ones; that in the universities there is one rubber-stamp standard of machine education; that progress in education can not come from the state university nor the public-school system; that changes in educational standards for the best interests of education will come from the smaller institutions; that education is practically impossible for those who have passed the period of youth.

JOHN C. FUTRALL,  
President, University of Arkansas.

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

### "A New Order"

Dear ROTARIAN:

This is to express my sincere appreciation of the many helpful and inspiring articles which appear from month to month in THE ROTARIAN.

When contemplating the world-wide need of such a periodical as you are publishing, together with the timeliness and pertinent application of the articles contained therein, it is to be regretted that all too few of your fellow-editors and publishers in other fields have not caught the gleam which, having been crystallized into a slogan to lure men to fight for international brotherhood on the battlefields of the world's greatest war, refuses to be obscured by the clouds of selfishness, provincialism, and nationalism which have followed in the wake of the same war. That a new order was born with the War, every individual on the planet will admit, unless such individual has lost his individuality by being submerged in the mortar of the mob-mind which soon "sets" past all efforts to plasticise.

If it be possible to get copies of the two articles, "Merchant or Militarist?" by Philip Whitwell Wilson and "The Unfinished Game" by Edward Leslie; the one appearing in the March issue and the other appearing in the May number of THE ROTARIAN, I shall appreciate a line informing me as to the cost.

Assuring you of my confidence in the ultimate success of your efforts to bring about a wiser acceptance of the tenets of Rotary, I am,

J. D. EAGLE.

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

### "Enjoyed . . . Immensely"

Dear ROTARIAN:

This late Saturday afternoon I sat alone in my sanctum sanctorum, tired and worn out after a hard day's grind. Noticing on my desk the current number of THE ROTARIAN I picked it up listlessly; turned its pages to see if anything would catch my eye. The first thing that caught my eye was Lindberg's picture and on the opposite page, "What are Ethics in Business," by Robert E. Farley. Gee, it was good; so good I "perked up" considerably. Courage came back, and, by jove, I do not know when I ever en-



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## When Rotary Hosts Trek Eastward

By Charles Haddon Nabers

Introduction by Arthur H. Sapp, President of Rotary International

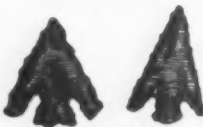
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## AMONG OUR LETTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

joyed anything so immensely. Turning the pages I passed by "Europe and the New Democracy," (which I will read before I lay the magazine back,) when "The Quest of the Bluebird," the philosophy of "he profits most who serves best," by Louis L. Mann attracted my attention, and with evident relish I read this splendid article. It was a wonderful portrayal of the quest of happiness. After reading and digesting I know of a truth that "Happiness is a perfume that you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself." Some wonderful thoughts are in it. It made me happy to read it:

"For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And makes his pulses fly  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye."

I caught the thrill, for it was a happy voice and the light of a pleasant eye.

Supper time (they call it dinner now) made me lay the magazine down, only to be picked up after the meal. I saw many articles I am going to read, in fact I am going to read every one of them, the magazine "from kiver to kiver" and perhaps I'll tell you of my impressions of some of the other articles.

"Rotary Club Activities" are always enjoyable, and so are "Rotary Events," and the "Editorial Comments" are far above the average. "Losing the First Love," and "Looking Into the Future"—we don't want to lose our enthusiasm, for when that is lost, hope folds her wings and departs from us.

Those two articles and editorials are all I have read, and I was so fired with enthusiasm I just quit reading and penned you this letter. Read it, and if it will "help," publish; otherwise cast in the waste basket. (I have a good large one in my office, where trash like this is consigned). This issue is the best I have read in a long while. I don't believe it can be improved on. Feed Rotarians with such articles as are contained in this issue and the followers of Paul Harris "will rise up and call you blessed."

Ruleville, Mississippi.

T. L. TURNER.

### Things Unseen

DEAR ROTARIAN:

In a recent number of THE ROTARIAN there appeared the picture of the only club house owned by a Rotary club. The news story which accompanied the picture told of the struggle with the mortgage, the final triumph over debt, and the well-earned joy and satisfaction of the club in achieving this unique distinction in Rotary. Honest, faithful effort evokes genuine praise from all right-thinking men. When such effort brings victory over great difficulty it calls forth both praise and congratulation. But this distinction gained by the ownership of real estate suggests one reality which is a part of the very life of Rotary. The real estate that any Rotary club owns in fee simple is that all-pervading spirit of fellowship, service and friendship without which no club is actually a Rotary club.

No movement of great moral force, no cause of profound spiritual depth has ever advanced by acquiring material property. Early Christians were hounded into hole and cave and catacomb. They not only owned no "real estate," but their very lives were forfeit. Yet in its material poverty the Church conquered the Empire through its spiritual power. Later, when the Church had great land holdings and had erected magnificent temples, a prelate once boasted that no longer could the church say, "silver and gold have I none," to which an humbler saint replied: "Neither can she say to the lame man, 'arise and walk.'" Today the Christian churches of the world rejoice in their great gains in property holdings, yet never before was there a time when the friends of the church and Christian leaders themselves were so conscious of failure to lead the world spiritually. If Christ should come to claim all the property that is dedicated to Him, He would be the world's largest land owner. But He said "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where

to lay His head." "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." It seems to be an inescapable law of life that material gain tends to destroy spiritual power.

Poverty has destroyed no civilization; lack of material wealth has wrecked no nation; and none has been perpetuated because of the possession of the things that are visible. Rotary has grown and continues to grow because Rotarians are committed in their lives to the things unseen. It is not a question whether Rotary would gain or lose by owning club houses. The question is, could Rotary survive if it became possessed of that most unreal of all possessions, large real estate holdings?

In the middle ages when the Church and other corporations began to acquire land, the term "mortmain" was coined to describe this possession by a "dead hand." Statutes were enacted to prevent this dead hand from grasping more lands. The centuries have proved that, after all, this was not the problem. The real dead hand is the greedy hand of material wealth that crushes out the life and strangles the spirit.

One who spoke with authority said: "If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor." This injunction surely applies to every man and group of men who seek the things of the spirit. No Rotary club can build a home of bricks and mortar. At best it is but a meeting-place. The true home of every club is a house not made with hands, eternal and unseen. This house is built of ideals, of the fellowship, the service, and the friendship which are in the hearts of the men who are Rotary.

HOWARD TAYLOR.

Chickasha, Oklahoma.

### "Cross-Section"

DEAR ROTARIAN:

I was very much interested in "The Truth About George" because in a fair measure what is true in this respect in the United States is also true in Canada. I have always thought that Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" and "Babbitt" deliberately shut his eyes to the best in the country and in small towns and only picked out the morbid side, which because it was somewhat controversial, was the making of a "best seller."

I began to think about my own club as I read "The Truth About George" and really surprised myself by finding that we had several more than I at first thought of who might lay some claim to culture if one based a degree of proficiency in the arts as a degree of culture not simulated. I found we have a publicity man who is an author of international repute. The manager of a large business who is a real art connoisseur; the secretary, treasurer, and business manager of a large daily newspaper who is an organist, choir director, and a composer; a plumbing expert who is a composer of fair music; a dentist who was a fair success as a concert baritone; a farmer who is a poet and one who knows the classics; a manager of a machinery-supply house who is an actor of some reputation; a business manager of the Canadian Manufacturers Association who is a preacher of great power; an accountant who is the bandmaster of the Governor-General's Foot Guards Band, the band which by the way took Washington by storm during the past year.

This I believe is only a cross-section of the Rotary clubs of the world.

Ottawa, Ontario.

A ROTARIAN.

### "Well Written . . . Helpful"

DEAR ROTARIAN:

This is to congratulate you upon Dean Clark's article "What Is the Matter With Our Young People?" It is clear, well written, and helpful. Such statements as this help the public to appreciate the real problem involved in the education of young people for the changing conditions of modern life.

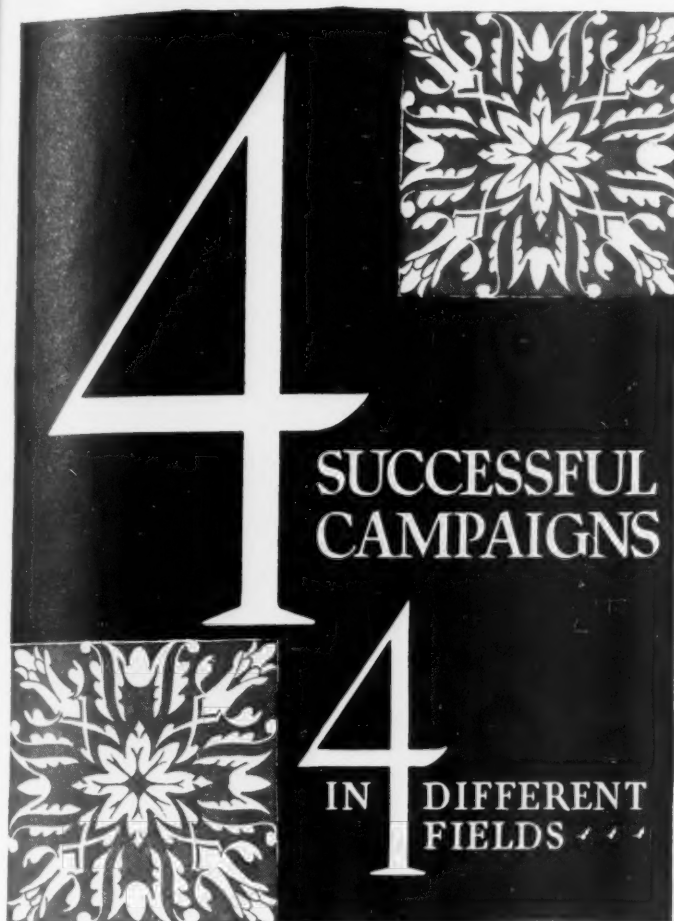
JOY ELMER MORGAN,  
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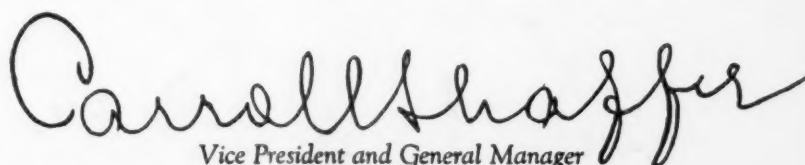


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